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THE
RATIONAL METHOD
IN
READING

BY
EDWARD G. WARD

✓
SECOND READER

✓
PART I

✓
SIGHT AND PHONETIC READING

✓
PART II

✓
SIGHT AND PHONETIC READING

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PICTURE FOR A STORY.

THE
RATIONAL METHOD IN READING

*AN ORIGINAL PRESENTATION OF SIGHT AND SOUND WORK
THAT LEADS RAPIDLY TO INDEPENDENT AND
INTELLIGENT READING*

BY

EDWARD G. WARD

SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION, BROOKLYN, N.Y.

ASSISTED IN THE PREPARATION OF THE LESSONS BY

MRS. ELLEN E. KENYON-WARNER

Second Reader

(THIRD HALF-YEAR'S WORK)

PART I. SIGHT AND PHONETIC READING. ADVANCE WORK

PART II. SIGHT AND PHONETIC READING. THE REMAINING PHONOGRAMS
READING WITH ALL THE PHONOGRAMS



SILVER, BURDETT & COMPANY

NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO

This One



KARS-UXL-OLUQ

THE RATIONAL METHOD IN READING

PRIMER

Material : Conversations.

PART I.—Reading by the Word Method.

PART II.—Sight and Phonetic Reading Combined.

First
Year

FIRST READER

Material : Conversations and Stories.

PART I.—Sight and Phonetic Reading. Largely review Exercises.

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Material : Stories, Poetry, etc., from History, Folk Lore, and Standard Fiction. Literary and Ethical.

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FOURTH READER

Material : Stories, Poetry, etc., from History, Folk Lore, and Fiction.

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FIFTH READER

Material : Literary, Ethical, Historical, and Mythological.

MANUAL OF INSTRUCTION FOR TEACHERS

PHONETIC CARDS —

FIRST SET. To Accompany the Primer.

SECOND SET. To Accompany the First Reader.

THIRD SET. To Accompany the Second Reader.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTE

THE special purpose of the Primer and the first two Readers in this series is to put the child, within a year and a half from his entrance into school, into possession of a complete *key* to English Reading; so that, should his schooling then cease, his ability to read would nevertheless "grow with his growth and strengthen with his strength."

The method here introduced is a combination of the word (or sentence) method and the phonetic method. It differs in many essential respects from any before presented, the differences being based upon principles not hitherto clearly understood, or, at any rate, not properly recognized.

The books provide material for part of the work, and indicate, therefore, but part of the method. The rest, both work and method, must be sought in the *Manual*, without a careful perusal of which *no one should attempt to use the books*. The study of the *Manual*, though so important a matter, will not be found difficult, since the directions are comparatively few, are logically grouped, and are clearly and simply expressed.

Those who would have success in the use of the books should follow these directions implicitly during the first year. They will then know the method and understand the underlying principles well enough to be safe in making such deviations from the beaten track as may seem to them wise.

The *method* embodied in the series is an outgrowth of the author's study, observation, and experimentation in the public schools of Brooklyn, of which he was for many years the honored Superintendent.

In presenting this edition printed from new plates and embellished with new illustrations, the publishers wish to make grateful acknowledgment of the phenomenal favor that has been accorded to the *Rational Method in Reading* by the teachers and educators of the country. So many editions have been called for that the original plates have become worn; and the publishers, in renewing the plates, have taken advantage of the opportunity to make a few textual changes and improvements.

For the convenience of teachers, the variations in this text as compared with the edition first published have been tabulated, and appear on pages 143 and 144 of this edition.

JUNE, 1908.

TO THE TEACHER

It will be useless to put children into this book unless

1. They *know* all the sight-words and phonograms presented in the Primer and the First Reader, — and
2. Are skillful enough in “the blend” to determine readily any word made up of not more than three or four of said phonograms.

If, therefore, your pupils have been imperfectly prepared for this book in the grades below yours, — or if, having been well prepared, they have had a long vacation just before entering your grade, — your first care must be to review and perfect the work of the lower grades, *whatever time it may require* to do so.

If your pupils have not been prepared at all, i.e., have not been taught by the Rational Method, you must, of course, prepare them *ab initio*. No matter what their grade or their acquirements may be, the best of all ways to do this is to put them through the Primer and the First Reader in strict accordance with the directions given in the Manual for the *first* and *second* half-years’ work; except that, instead of beginning with the blackboard and learning a certain stock of words in advance, they should begin with the book itself, and learn the new words as they become necessary.

At the beginning of a term, though the scholars from the grade below come to you well prepared, you will probably receive a number of *new scholars* who know nothing of this method. Meet the difficulty involved in this circumstance, thus:

During the first month of the term, teach the new scholars, by means of special drills, all the words and phonograms found in the following lists. Let them also, of course, participate in the regular reading of the class, but do not expect their reading during this month to be good. From the beginning of the second month, the class should be able to work as a unit.

VOCABULARY OF THE PRIMER AND FIRST READER

Words

a, again, ail, all, am, an, and, any, apple, are, arm, as, at, ate, — be, been, bird, boy, bread, bush, business, busy, but, by, — can, come, corn, could, cow, — day, did, do, does, dog, don’t, down, drink, — each, eat, egg, eight, end, ever, — for, found, Frank,

from, fruit, full, — garden, get, girl, give, go, goes, good, grass, — had, hand, has, have, he, heard, her, here, him, his, home, horse, how, — I, ice, if, ill, in, is, it, — Jack, — kind, — less, let, like, look, — make, me, milk, mosquito, Mr., much, — new, no, not, now, — of, old, on, once, one, other, our, out, over, — picture, play, pretty, put, — rabbit, — said, saw, says, see, seed, sell, sew, shall, she, some, stay, such, — take, tell, than, Thanksgiving, that, the, them, then, there, they, thing, think, this, to, too, turkey, — up, us, — want, was, watch, water, ~~way~~, we, well, were, wet, what, when, where, which, who, will, ~~wind~~, wing, with, ~~work~~, ~~would~~, — yard, yes, you.

Phonograms

ā, ă, a, — b, bl, br, — c, ç, ch, ck, cl, cr, — d, d̄, dr, — ē, ĕ, e, ed, er, ers, est, ew, — f, ful, — g, ḡ, gl, gr, — h, — i, ĭ, i, ic, ick, ight, ights, im, ing, ings, ip, is, ish, — j, — k, — l, less, ly, — m, — n, ness, n̄, — ō, ȝ, ô, o, q, o, ou, ow, — p, pl, pr, — r, — s, s̄, sh, — t, th, tr, — ü, u, u, un, — v, — w, wh, — y, ŷ.

(These phonograms should be taught or reviewed in the order in which they are presented in the *Manual* and not in the alphabetical or reference order in which they are given above.)

In using this book, never have your scholars read a lesson until you have specially prepared them for it in accordance with the following directions:

1. Copy on the blackboard, with their marks, all the phonetic words of the lesson that contain more than three phonograms each, and about a dozen of the shorter phonetic words. 2. Have these words read by the scholars a number of times. Your experience will soon teach you how much repetition is necessary. 3. As a rule, give the harder words to the bright scholars, and the easier ones to the dull scholars. If you would not have the dull remain dull, give them plenty of easy work to do.

This exercise will constitute at once a preparation for the lesson, and the "blend drill" for the day.

A day or two before reaching a lesson that introduces a *new* phonogram, teach the said new phonogram, and give your scholars drill in its use by having them read from the blackboard a number of words taken from the *Manual* list over which said phonogram appears. Do not teach any new phonogram more than a day or two in advance of the lesson over which it is first presented.

Finally, — Do not attempt the use of this or any other book of this series until you have thoroughly digested the instructions given in the *Manual*, pp. 5-15.



THE DOLLS' BATH

G. Iglar.

SECOND READER

PART I

LESSON I

Busy Bärnøý

8

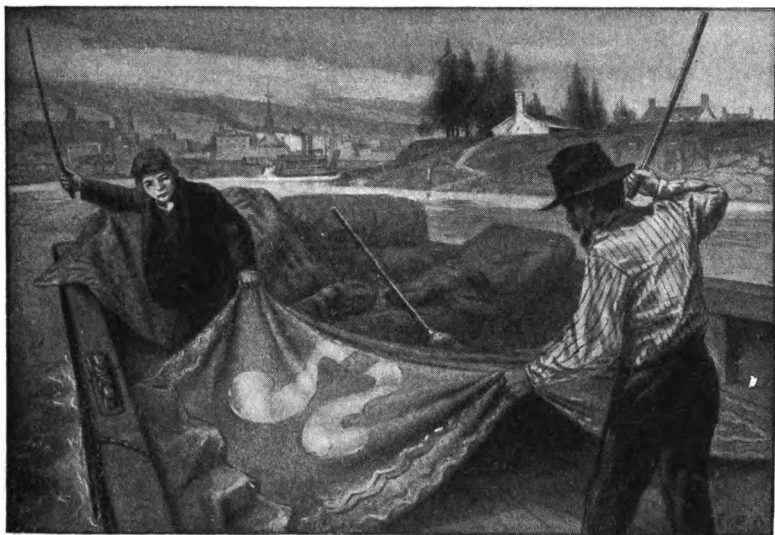
Make be lĕvø your work is play
And strĭvø with all your mĭght;
Then wearĭ ness will flĭ a way,
And work be come dĕlight.

1. Bärnøý was a little Īrĭsh boy. He had a stĕp-father who was vĕrĭ kind to him.

2. Bärnøý's stĕp fāther workĕd hārd for a lĭv ing.
Gĕss what his business was.

3. Was he a bärber ôr a cärman? Was he a chäreöäl man ôr a här ness māk er? Did he kēp a lävndrý ôr a märkēt?

4. No, he was a cärpēt clēān er. He callēd Bärnēý his pärtner. That was be causē Bärnēý hēlpēd him so much. It mādē Bärnēý věry proud.



5. They tōk the cärpēts out on the rīver, in a bärgē. There they brūshēd and beāt them well. The work was too dustý to do at home.

6. When a cär go of cärpēts was well clēānēd, they would hurrä loudly. Bärnēý's mother cōuld hear the

hearty cheers from the shore. They lived not far from the water. A little foot path led from the land ing to the house.

7. Bärneý's mother would listen and say, "Hark! It's five o'clock now! They've finished to-day's work. I must be getting the supper ready."

8. "I'll give them a fine corn starch pudding to-night. They shall not starve for want of a little good cooking. I must make some rhubarb tarts, too. I'll give them a feast for once."

9. "There's the lad waving to me now. He's waving his scarlet scarf. I'd know it a mile off."

10. Bärneý and his step father would bring the carpets a shore. They took them to the owners in a cart.

11. They would reach home at a bout seven o'clock. Bärneý's mother would kiss them both and give them a good supper.

12. When supper was over, Bärneý would play marbles with the boys. When it grew too dark to play, he would go in. He would take his book and read a while. Then he would go to Miss Lily White's party.

13. Do you know what that means? It means going to bed. Do you like that kind of party?

LESSON II

Little Threē-Nāmes

Elizabeth

1. Elizabeth, Bětsěŷ, and Běss

Wēnt wālk ing in finē sunnŷ wēath er,
 And saw on a trē in the lānē,
 Twō apples rīpē, hāng ing to gēth er.

2. Elizabeth, Bětsěŷ, and Běss,

Each pickēd a red apple and ate it.
 But still there was one apple lēft.
 If the rēāson you know, plēāsē to statē it.

3. Elizabeth was a little girl. Her fāther callēd her Bětsěŷ. Her brother callēd her Běss.

4. Now can you tell a bout the apples?

5. How manŷ girls were there? How manŷ apples were eatēn?

6. Do you know any little girl who has thrē nāmes?

LESSON III

Māndē's Pärtý

ā

1. "Let's have a pärtý this rā'ný Mārch after noon," said Māndē Lēīgh.

2. "A pärtý, a pärtý!" shouted all the other chil-
drēn. "What
shall we be gin
with?"

3. "We will
drēss Sādīē ~~up~~
to be grandmā
and have stōry-
tell ing."

4. So they
put a lōng drēss
on pōor Sādīē.
They fāstēnēd a
shāwl over her
shōūlders. Of
cōurse she had to have on a cāp and glāssēs.



5. When she was all ready they seated her on the sōfā. Then they gathered a round her and called her grandmā. They teased grandmā for a stōry, as childrēn always do.

6. "Well," said grandmā, "here's one that's soon told: —

"Thrē wiſe mēn of Go tham
Wēnt to sē in a bōwl.
If the bōwl had been strōnger,
My stōry had been lōnger."

7. "I suppōse the bōwl brōke," said Ruth.

8. "And the thrē wiſe mēn were drownēd," said Paul.

9. "No nēd to tell that," said Edith.

10. "And that's what makes the stōry so shōrt," said Jāmes.

11. "I don't think they were vērſy wiſe mēn," said Māry.

12. "What shall we play now?" askēd Frank.

13. "Let Jēnnſy ſing us a ſōng," said Māyde. "I'll play the pīānō for her."

14. So Jēnnſy sāng:

"High on the branch of a chestnut tree,
Lived a mother bird and her bird lings three."

15. The singing was vĕřý sweet, and the childrĕn wanted more of it. But by this tĕmĕ Maidĕ had an other idĕa.

16. "Let us have a rĕddlĕ," she said. "Cōrā, you give us one."

17. "Well," said Cōrā, "here is a vĕřý old one:—

"As I was go ing to Sāint Īvĕs.
I mĕt nĭnĕ wĭvĕs.
How many were go ing to
Sāint Īvĕs?"

18. "Oh, I can answĕr that one!" criĕd Elizabeth.
"My mother rĕād it to me out of a book."

19. "Well, don't tell," said Maidĕ. "Let the others gĕss."

20. Jack gĕssĕd tĕn. "Nĭnĕ and one āre tĕn," said he.

21. But Cōrā shōk her hĕād. So did Elizabeth.

22. "Do you all give it up?" āskĕd Cōrā at lāst.



23. They all said, "Yes," for they could not guess the answer. Then Ćorà told them.

24. "Only one was going to Săint Īvēs," said she. "That was I. The nīnē were coming *from* Săint Īvēs. That is how I cāmē to meet them."

25. The childrēn thōught the rīdlē a vērŷ good one.

26. After that Māndē playēd a pōlkā, and all the childrēn dāncēd.

27. Then they pāsēd a round a bāskēt of fruit. That was the lāst thing on the prōgram.

LESSON IV

Blanché and her Aunt

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1. There once livēd in Frāncē a little girl nāmēd Blanché. Her āunt was an ārtist. She pāint ed land-scāps for a mērchant who sold such things. She workēd ëarly and late to ëarn a līving.

2. Blanché was her little housē kēēp er. Her āunt said she was a pērfēet little pearl. Blanché said, with a pōlitē Frēnch bow, "I am your sērvānt."



3. "Yes, you are my little stir-a bout," said her äynt. "You are wörth more than a pëarl. I wouldn't sell you for a diamond. You know jewëlers chargë high pricës for diamonds. You are a diamond of the first water."

4. "I supposë that means the best kind of diamond," said Blanchë. "But I'd rãther be some thing a livë."

5. "Well, then, you are my ëarnest little woman-of-all-work. You are my nürsë in sick ness, and my cook and house këep er. You are my clërk too, for you këep all my äecounts."

6. "And you are all the wörld to me," said Blanchë. "I have nëither mammã nôr papã. What should I do with out you?"

7. "You därn all my stöck ings," her äynt wënt on. "You mãdë me that pretty pür plë pineushñ. You knit this pürsë for me. You wind up my euckoo clöck every night. You tië up all my pärçëls. You shärpën my cräyons. You këep the look ing-glass bright ly pölishëd. You never lāy the tã blë clöth croök ed.

8. "Your tãsks never seem a bürdën to you. You are up with the lärk. You go bright ly ãbout your work. You dëservë all that I do for you."

9. "Do you think I could learn to draw and paint?" said Blanché.

10. "You might try," replied her aunt. "I'll teach you if you like. We'll be gin on your birth day. Let me see — that will be the third Thurs day in March."

11. "Oh, good!" cried Blanché, and her eyes sparkled with glad ness. "That will not be long to wait. Some day I may take a turn at your work. Then you can take a turn at mine, if you like."

12. "That will be a change for both of us," said aunt. "And change of work is play, you know."

13. "I hope I shall not be a slow scholar," said Blanché. "If I ucceed, we can work to geth er. We shall be the happiest couple on earth then."

14. "Well, don't furnish your house be fore it's built," said aunt, smiling. "You remind me of the foolish woman in the story. She counted her chickens be fore they were hatched."

15. "Yes," said Blanché, "I know; and then she let her basket fall. Of course all the eggs were broken. Then there was no chance for any chickens."

16. But Blanché learned to draw and paint very well. In time, she be came as fine an artist as her aunt.

LESSON V

I Like Little Pussŷ

1. I like little Pussŷ,
 Her eōat is so warm,
 And if I don't hūrt her
 She'll do me no hārm.
 So I'll not pull her tail,
 Nōr drīv her a way.
 But Pussŷ and I
 Věry gěntly will play.
2. She shall sit by my sīd,
 And I'll give her some foōd;
 And she'll like me be caus
 I am gěntle and good.
 I'll pat little Pussŷ,
 And then she will pūrr,
 And thus shōw her thānks
 For my kind ness to her.
3. I'll not pinch her ēars,
 Nōr trēd on her paw,

Lest I should prövöke her
 To üse her shärp claw;
 I never will cröss her,
 Nör make her displeased,
 For Pussy don't like
 To be wörried ör teased.

— Jäne Täylör.

LESSON VI

How the Wörld Cäme to an End

1. It räined härd, and Chicken Little ran under a röse bush. She stayed there until the räin was over. She was a bout to come out when some thing dreadful häppened.

2. The läuves were still hävy with water. A great dröp rölled from one of them. It fäll on Chicken Little's tail.

3. Chicken Little ran to her möther. This is what she said, "Oh, Hän Pän, the wörld has come to an end!"

4. "How do you know, Chicken Little?" said Hän Pän. And what do you think Chicken Little answered?

5. "I saw it with my eyes. I heard it with my ears. And a piece of it fell on my tail."

6. Hën Pën could not help be liev ing her child. She ran to Dück Lück. "Oh, Dück Lück," she cried, "the wōrld has come to an end!"

7. "How do you know, Hën Pën?" said Dück Lück.

8. "Chickēn Little told me," said Hën Pën.

9. "How do you know, Chickēn Little?"

10. "I saw it with my eyes. I heard it with my ears. And a piece of it fell on my tail."

11. Then Dück Lück be lieved it and ran to Gōōsē Lōōsē.

12. "Oh, Gōōsē Lōōsē, the wōrld's come to an end!"

13. "How do you know, Dück Lück?"

14. "Hën Pën told me."

15. "How do you know, Hën Pën?"

16. "Chickēn Little told me."

17. "How do you know, Chickēn Little?"

18. "I saw it with my eyes. I heard it with my ears. And a piece of it fell on my tail."

19. "Oh! oh! oh!" said Gōōsē Lōōsē. "I must go tell Tūrķēy Lūrķēy."

20. But just then the sun eā~~m~~ed out. They all fell to eat ing. They for gōt that the wōrld had come to an end.

LESSON VII

A Reading Test

1. "Come, Ēdith," said Elizabeth, "let us play school. I will be the teacher, and you shall be my best school ar. I will test you on what you have read. Who was Woe Winnie?"

2. "A dear little girl," replied Ēdith. "She could not talk much, but she could speak to her puppy. Yes, and to her kid, too. They were her pets."

3. "Věry well answered. Who was Dotty Dim ple?"

4. "An other little girl. Dick Dunton picked her a daisy. It soon wilted and died. Then

"On the little daisy dear

Dotty Dim ple dropped a tear."

5. "Věry good; věry good in deed! Now just one thing more. Tell me what a dragon-fly is."

6. "It is a large insect. It eats mosquitoes, but does no harm to children. Some children fear dragon-flies. They are věry foolish. Some dragon-flies fear children."

7. "You are a vĕrŷ bright girl. You have an swered nicely. Let me pin this mĕdal on your dress. You may kĕep it a week."



LESSON VIII

The Friendly Bee



1. "Busy bee, busy bee,
Where is your home?"
"In truth, little mäiden,
I live in a cömb."

2. Ēthēl Härt was the "little mäiden." She was in her fäther's örchard.

3. It was Mön day äfternöön. Her lessöns were all dönö. She was play ing with her brother Ärthür.

4. A bee wēnt hümming by. Ärthür stärted to run, but Ēthēl thöught she would tälk to it. She was sürprised at the bee's rēädy answēr.

5. Ärthür hēard nöthing but hümming. That must have been becäuse he was a fräid. X

6. Ēthēl was not distūrbēd by the bee. She did not wōrry lest it should hūrt her. That was how she cāme to hear the rhythm.

7. "You are a wōnder ful bee," she said. "You talk as well as I can with my tōngv. Whȳ do you flȳ so hēavily?"

8. "I am lādēn with hōnēȳ," rēplīēd the bee. "I have been abōut amōng the flōwer in the pārk all day. This is my busy mōnth. We bees make all our hōnēȳ in sūmmer. There is nōth-ing to make it of in winter."

9. "No," said Ēthēl, "the flōwers don't flōūrish out-sīdē then. We take some of them in to the hōuse. They make our sittīng rōōm lōvēly. There is a lārgē hōnēȳ sūcklē in frōnt of our dōōr. Did you dīscōver it? It has a lōvēly cōl ōr and a dē līght ful ōdōr."

10. "Yes, in dēēd," hūmmēd the bee. "The vīnē is



a vĕry pretty one. It is a cōmfort to have it so nĕar home. I like the vīnē that cōvĕrs the dōvĕ cōtē, too. There is nōnē fīn er."

11. "Yes, and the hūmming birds like it," said Ēthĕl. "I saw puss trying to eatch one there this mōrning. But the bird wōn the day. Puss had to look further for her break fast."

12. "Well, I must lĕavē you," said the beē. "You are the first little girl I ever stōppēd to talk to. I like you, but my work must be dōnē."

13. The beē wĕnt on his home ward way. He never spōkē a worrd to Ēthĕl again.



LESSON IX

Which Lōvēd Mother Best?

1. "I lōvē you, mother," said little Jōhn,
Then for get ting his work, his eap wĕnt on,
And he was ōff to the garden swing,
Lĕaving his mother the word to bring.
2. "I lōvē you, mother," said rōsĕ Nĕll,
"I lōvē you bĕtter than tongue can tĕll."

Then she tēased and pouted hālf the day,
Till all were glād when she wēnt to play.

3. "I lōvø you, mother," said little Fan,
"To-day I will hēlp you all I can.
How glād I am that schōol does not kēep!"
And she rōcked the bābø till it fēll a slēep.
4. Then, stēpping sōft ly, she brōught the brōom,
And swēpt the flōor and tidīed the rōom;
Busy and hāppŷ all day was she,
Hēlp ful and hāppŷ as chīld could be.
5. "I lōvø you, mother," again they said,
Threø little chīldrēn all go ing to bed.
How do you think that mother gŷessēd
Which of them rēal ly lōvød her best?



— Joy Allison.

LESSON X

Victør and the Sēa Gūll

oi

oy

Mrs.

1. "Härk! what is that noisø?" askēd Mrs. Mājōrŷ,
one wārm after noøn.

2. "Don't let it annoy you, mammä," said her daughter Hannäh. "It is only Victör. You know what a voice he has. He is rejoicing over the safe arrival of his good ship Sēä Gūll." ✕



3. "He is very boisterous," said the mother. "He enjoys nothing so much as a noise. So he has been sailing his toy ship, has he? He must have been down to Birch Point. I hope he has not torn his new jack et."

4. Just then Victor rushed in, shouting, "Hurra! hurra! the Sep Gull's arrived. None of her people are drowned. They have all come ashore well and happy. The ship sailed from France only seven days ago. She brought a heavy cargo."

5. "That was a short voyage," said Mrs. Major, smiling. "But you are very noisy, my son. You should keep noisy play out of doors."

6. "Have I made your head ache, mamma?" asked Victor. "If I have, I am very sorry."

7. "No, not this time," replied his mother. "But now find a harbor for your ship and anchor her. I have some errands for you to do."

8. "I'm just the person to do errands," said Victor. "I never get nervous and for get what I am sent for. I don't loiter on the way. I don't buy oil for vinegar."

9. "What shall I get? Some turnips, some oysters, and a joint of mutton?"

10. "You had better stop praising your self," said his mother. "Then perhaps we shall find out what you can do."

11. "All right!" said Victor. "Wait till I furl the Sep Gull's sails and put her away. She went through

an awful stôrm, but it could not dēstroy her. Her sails are not ēven moistēnēd by the rāin.

12. "Now I'm rēadȳ, mammā," Victōr wēnt on, a mōmēt lāter. "The Sēa Gūll is sāfely ānchōrēd in my toy chest. Do you want a lēg of mūtton to boil? Ōr shall I get a beefstēāk to broil? May I rīdē my bīcȳclē to the stōrē?"

13. "No, my sōn, I'm afrāīd you'll have to go a fōōt. I dislike to spoil your fun, but ěrrandȳ are work. You could not cārrȳ a bāskēt and rīdē your wheēl.

14. "Go to the fāncȳ goods stōrē first. Get me an ounce of wōrsted to mātch this sample. Then go to the butcher's. Ask him to send up the sirloin stēāk I ōrdēred this mōrn ing. Get a bōnē for your dog, Hēe tōr, too."

15. Victōr whistlēd to Hēe tōr, and they were ōff.

16. They wēnt to the fāncȳ goods stōrē for the wōrsted. The sample was ēāsily mātchēd.

17. Then they wēnt to the butcher's. Here, Victōr bōught the bōnē for his dog. It was a mūtton bōnē. He āskēd the butcher to send the stēāk, too.

18. Hannāh had not finishēd sētting the tāblē when they rētūrnēd. Hēetōr had his bōnē in his mouth. He lookēd as proud as if he had been mārket ing all a lōnē.

LESSON XI

A Dialogue

(For two small boys.)

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1. Guess what I have in my pocket. X</p> <p>2. I can't guess. Tell me, won't you?</p> <p>3. No, you'll have to guess.</p> <p>4. Who gave it to you?</p> <p>5. No one gave it to me.</p> <p>6. Where did you buy it?</p> <p>7. I <u>didn't</u> buy it.</p> <p>8. Where did you get it?</p> <p>9. I found it.</p> <p>10. Is it a marble?</p> <p>11. No. Guess again.</p> <p>12. What <u>color</u> is it?</p> <p>13. No <u>color</u> at all.</p> <p>14. You're teasing me.</p> <p>15. No, in <u>deed</u>, I'm not.</p> | <p>16. Is it hard or soft?</p> <p>17. It is n't <u>either</u>.</p> <p>18. Is it good to eat?</p> <p>19. Not a <u>bit</u> of it.</p> <p>20. What is it good for?</p> <p>21. It is n't good for any thing.</p> <p>22. I don't believe you have any thing.</p> <p>23. Yes, I have, too.</p> <p>24. Will you give me half if I guess it?</p> <p>25. I can't get it out of my pocket.</p> <p>26. I can't guess it.</p> <p>27. Do you give it up?</p> <p>28. Yes. What is it?</p> <p>29. It's a hole.</p> |
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LESSON XII

The Clück ing Hën

1. "Will you not take a walk with me,
My little wif, to-day?
There's bärløŷ in the bärløŷ-fjeld,
And hāy-seed in the hāy."
2. "Oh, thänk you!" said the clück ing hën,
"I've some thing ěls to do;
I'm busy sitting on my eggs;
I can not walk with you."
3. "Clück-clück, clück-clück, clück-clück, clück-clück,"
Said the busy, clück ing hën;
"My little chicks will soon be hatchēd;
I'll think a bout it then." ✕
4. The clück ing hën sat on her nest;
She māde it in the hāy;
And warm and snūg be nēath her brēast,
A dōzen white eggs lāy.

5. Crăck, crăck! crăck, crăck! wēnt all the eggs;
 Out eāmø the chickønş small.
 “Clück-clück, clück-clück,” said the clück ing hēn;
 “I see I have you all.
6. “Come, come a lōng, my little chicks.
 I’ll take a wālk with you.”
 “Höllō! Höllō!” said the bārñ-dōør eōck,
 “Hō! Eōck-a-dōōdlø-do!”

— Äunt Effrø’s Rhymes.

LESSON XIII

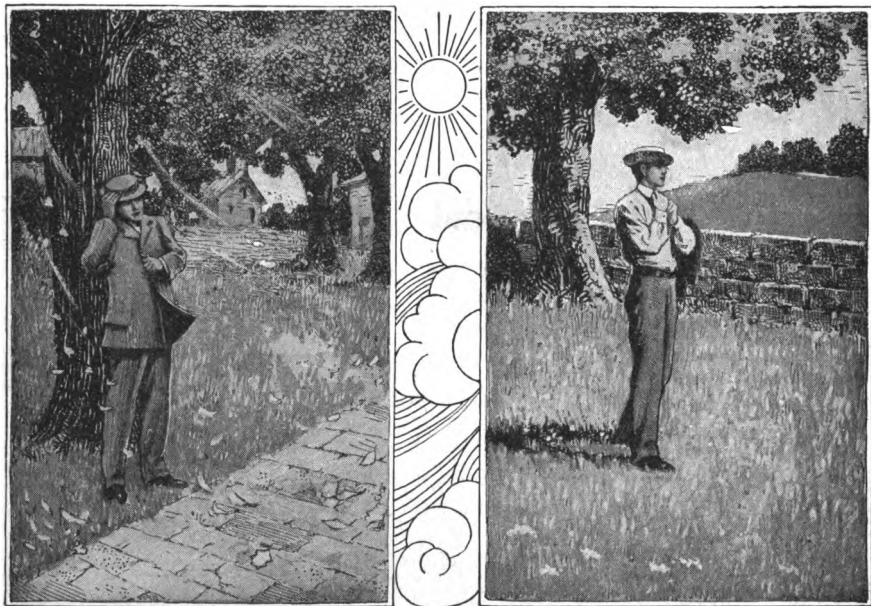
The Wind and the Sun

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1. It was a wārm Tūēs day in Jūly. The Wind and the Sun fēll in to a dispūtø.
2. “See that silly man,” criēd the Wind. “He has his eōāt buttonēd as if it were winter. Whȳ don’t you make him take it øff?”
3. “Whȳ don’t you?” said the Sun.
4. “I will, if it will a mūsø you,” said the Wind.

5. "I don't think you can," said the Sun. "But let me see you tr̄y."

6. So the Wind rūshēd down the āvenūē and gāvē the man a fīērcē salūtē. The bēāūtīful ēlm trēēs bēnt



be fōrē it. A fēw of them lōst a brānch or tȳō. But the man ōnly wālkēd on fāster.

7. The Wind blēw mōrē fūrīōusly than ever. It mādē wild mūsic arōund the chūrch stēēplē. It blēw a eūpolā from the Jūdgē's hōusē.

8. A hūgē tūlip trēē stōōd fīrm agāīnst the blāst. The man tōōk shēlter bē hīnd its trūnk. He buttōnēd his cōāt tīghtēr a bōut hīm. He stōōd clōsē to the trēē to avōīd the wīnd.

9. "A wīntēr sūīt is ūsē ful thīs wēāthēr," said hē. "I must put my glōvēs on."

10. At thīs the Wīnd gāvē up trīīng and wīth drēw in a rāgē.

11. "Stūpīd fēllōw!" hē crīēd. "Hē is as stūbbōrn as a mūlē. Hē rēfūsēs to dō as I bīd hīm. One wōuld thīnk hīs clōthēs wērē glūēd on."

12. "It is bēttēr to ēmploī gēntlē mēāns," said the Sūn. "Hārsh ones sēldōm wīn. Lēt mē shōw yōu hōw to gēt the cōāt off."

13. Thēn hē pōūrēd dōwn hīs rāys up on fīēld and pāsture. Thēy wārmēd the chīllēd ēārth and mādē it fēēl līkē sūmmēr agāīn.

14. Thē flōwērs smīlēd up at the Sūn in jōy. Thē skī bēcāmē blūē wīth dēlīght.

15. "Dēār mē!" crīēd thē man. "It's as hōt as an ōvēr agāīn."

16. Off cāmē hīs cōāt, hīs glōvēs, hīs vēr, and ēvēr hīs cōllār.

LESSON XIV

Little Kittie

1. Once there was a little kittie,
White as the snow.
 In a bärn she used to frölic,
Löng, löng ago.
2. In that bärn a little mousie
Ran to and frō,
 When she heard the kittie coming,
Löng, löng ago.
3. Twō black eyes had little kittie,
Black as a crōw,
 And they spied the little mousie,
Löng, löng ago. —
4. Fōvr sōft paws had little kittie,
Paws sōft as dough,
 But they caught the little mousie,
Löng, löng ago.
5. Nīnē white teeth had little kittie,
 All in a rōw,

And they bit the little mouſe,
Lǒng, lǒng a go.

6. When the teeth bit little mouſe,
Mouſe cried "Oh!"
 But she gōt a way from kittie,
Lǒng, lǒng a go.

— Little People's Speaker.

LESSON XV

The Little Red Hën

1. A little red hën found a grāin of wheat, and she said, "Who will plānt this wheat?"
2. The rat said, "I wōn't"; the eat said, "I wōn't"; and the pīg said, "I wōn't."
3. "I will, then," said the little red hën, and she did.
4. When the wheat was rīpe, she said, "Who will take this wheat to the mill, to be ground in to flour?"
5. The rat said, "I wōn't"; the eat said, "I wōn't"; and the pīg said, "I wōn't."
6. The little red hën said, "I will, then," and she did.

7. When she cāmē bäck with the flour, she said, "Who will make this flour in to bread?"

8. The rat said, "I wōn't"; the eat said, "I wōn't"; and the pīg said, "I wōn't."

9. The little red hēn said, "I will, then," and she did.

10. When the bread was dōnē, the little red hēn said, "Who will eat this bread?"

11. The rat said, "I will"; the eat said, "I will"; and the pīg said, "I will."

12. The little red hēn said, "No, you wōn't, for I am going to do it my sēlf," and she did.



LESSON XVI

The Threē Bêars

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size

1. Little Silver-Hâir wēnt for a wālk one finē Jūnē day. The âir was wārm and the dēw was all gōnē. She strōlled in to the wōods.

2. She felt vĕry hăppy. You could tell that by the eŭriŭs little tŭne she sāng.

3. She plŭcked the pretty hăre bells un til she saw a rĕal livĕ hăre.

4. "Oh! hăres are seârĕ," said she. "I'll give this finĕ fĕllōw a seârĕ."

5. She ran āfter him, but she could not cătch him. Silŕver-Hăir did not căre. ✕

6. She now found her sĕlf in the dĕep, dĕep wōōds. A eŭriŭs little hōuse stōōd be fōrĕ her. She knōcked at the dōor. No bōdĕ cămĕ. Then she wĕnt in. There was no one at home.

7. "This must be the dĭning rōōm," she said. "Brĕakfast is rĕădĕy and the pōrrĭdĕ is cōōling. I'll hĕlp my sĕlf."

8. Thrĕĕ bōwlĕ of pōrrĭdĕ stōōd on the tā blĕ.

9. Firŕt there was a grĕăt hŭĕ bōwl of pōrrĭdĕ. Silŕver-Hăir tāstĕd that, but it was too hōt.

10. Then there was a mĭddle-sĭzed bōwl of pōrrĭdĕ. She tāstĕd that, but it was too cōld.

11. Then there was a little, smăll, wĕĕ bōwl of pōrrĭdĕ. She tāstĕd that, and it was ĵust rĭght. So she ate it all up.

12. When she had finishēd, she lookēd about her. She saw thrēē châirs.

13. One was a grēāt hūgē châir. She sat up on that, but it was too hărd.

14. An other was a mīddlē-sized châir. She sat up on that, but it was too sōft.

15. The thīrd was a little, small, wēē châir. She sat up on that and found it just right. So she sat and sat un tīl she brōkē the bōttōm out.

16. Then she wēnt up-stâirs, where she found thrēē beds.

17. One was a grēāt hūgē bed. She lāy up on that, but it was too hīgh.

18. Another was a mīddlē-sized bed. She lāy up on that, but it was too lōw.

19. The thīrd was a little, small, wēē bed. She lāy upon that, and it was just right. So she lāy there un tīl she fēll făst aslēēp.

20. Whīlē she was aslēēp, all the famīly cāmē home. They had been out to wălk whīlē thēir pōrrīdgē cōōlēd. They were a famīly of bēars.

21. One was a Grēāt Hūgē Bēar. Another was a Mīddlē-sized Bēar. Thēsē were the părents. The thīrd,

thêir ōn ly child, was a Little, Small, Weø Bêar. Wher-
ever they wênt they tōk him with them. -

22. "Some one has been tāsting my pōrridge,"
shouted the Grēat Hūgø Bêar in his grēat, hūgø
voicø.

23. "And some one has been tāsting my pōrridge,"
said the Middlø-sized Bêar in her middlø-sized voicø.

24. "And some one has eatēn my pōrridge all up,"
cried the Little, Small, Weø Bêar in his little, small,
weø voicø.

25. Then they lookēd a bout for thêir châirs.

26. "Some one has been sitting in my châir,"
shouted the Grēat Hūgø Bêar in his grēat hūgø voicø.

27. "And some one has been sitting in mīnø," said
the Middlø-sized Bêar in her middlø-sized voicø.

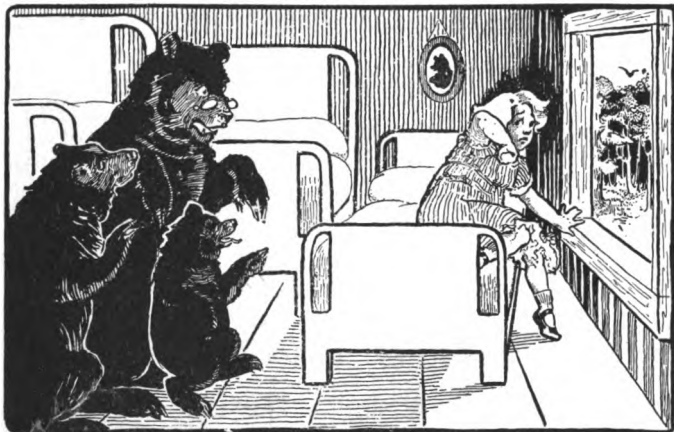
28. "Some one has brōkēn the bōttōm out of my
châir," cried the Little, Small, Weø Bêar in his little,
small, weø voicø.

29. Then they wênt up-stâirs.

30. "Some one has lān in my bed," shouted the
Grēat Hūgø Bêar in his grēat hūgø voicø.

31. "And some one has lān in my bed," said the
Middlø-sized Bêar in her middlø-sized voicø.

32. "Some one is lȳing fāst a slēep in my bed," criēd the Little, Small, Weē Bēar in his little, small, weē voicē.



33. At that, Little Silver-Hāir a wōkē. At first she did not rēmēmber where she was. Then she began to look a round.

When she saw the thrēē bēars, she sat up in bed. She stārd at them, and they at her.

34. "This is no plācē for me," thōught she.

35. So she jūmpēd right througħ the windōw and ran off. The bēars were so āstonishēd that they just stood and lookēd. So Silver-Hāir gōt home sāfē.

LESSON XVII

Frōgs at Schōol

1. Twēntŷ frōggēs wēnt to schōol
Down besīdē a rūshŷ pool;
Twēntŷ little eōats of grēen,
Twēntŷ vests all whītē and clēan.
2. "We must be in timē," said they;
"Fīrst we stūdy, then we play;
That is how we kēep the rulē
When we frōggēs go to schōol."
3. Māster Bull frōg, grāvē and stērn,
Cāllēd the clāssēs in thēir tūrn;
Tāught them how to nō blŷ strivē,
Like wīssē how to lēap and divē;
4. From his sēat up on the lōg,
Shōwēd them how to sāy "Kēr-chōg!"
Al so how to dōdgē a blōw
From the sticks that bād boys thrōw.

5. Twēntŷ frōggles grēw up fāst;
 Bull frōgs they be cāmē at lāst;
 Not one duncē a mōng the lōt,
 Not one lessōn they for gōt;

6. Pōlishēd in a hīgh dēgrē,
 As each frōggē ōught to be.
 Now they sit on other lōgs,
 Teach ing other little frōgs.

— Gēōrgē Cōp er.

LESSON XVIII

The Māre's Jōkē

laugh

1. Bēss is our old grāy mārē. Let me tell you of the trick she playēd once. I think it will make you laugh. I laughēd hēartily when I first hēard of it.

2. Mother was sick, and Mārŷ had to go for the dōctōr. She sādclēd old Bēss and rōdē her.

3. There were two rōads through the wōod. Mārŷ tōok the rōad to the right.

4. She reached the dōetōr's house in sāfety. She left wōrd for him to call. Then she stārt ed home.

5. On the way bāck, she tōok the other rōad. She stōpped a bout hālf-way thrōugh the wōod. She saw some ripe bērrīes. She jūmped down from the horse's bāck and began to eat the bērrīes.

6. Bēss grew tīred of wāiting. Soon she trōtted off tōwārd home. Mārŷ called her, but she would not mīnd. She kicked up her heels as if laugh ing at Mārŷ. Then she trōtted on. Mārŷ did not laugh. No, in dēed! A walk of fivē mīles is no laugh ing matter.

7. When the mārē reached home a lōne, we were all frightened. We thōught some thing dreadful had hāppened to Mārŷ.

8. Jōhn jūmped in to the sāddle. "Which rōad did Mārŷ take?" he asked.

9. Mother told him the rōad to the right. He tōok that rōad and hūrrīed to the dōetōr's house.

10. He fōund that Mārŷ had called and gōne.

11. "She must have tāken the other rōad home," he said. "I did not meet her on my way here."

12. So he tōok the other rōad, too. By and by he cāme to the bērrīes.

13. "She must have stoppēd here," said he. "She never could have passēd thesē nice bērrīes. Then, no doubt, the māre ran away from her." At this thought he laughēd. "She is all right, and by this tīme sāfē at home. I will stōp and have some bērrīes, too."



14. He jūmpēd down and began to eat.

15. "Oh!" thought Bēss, "so you like bērrīes, too! Well, I don't cāre for them. I think I'll go home."

16. So off she stārted. She would not come bāck when Jōhn callēd her. He callēd and callēd.

17. Then he ran after her. But she ran fāst er than he could.

18. At lāst he reachēd home, all out of brēath. Mārȳ was at the gate, laugh ing at him. Jōhn was cross for a mōmēnt. Then he laughēd, too, to think how stūpīd he had been.

LESSON XIX

~~Over in the Měadow~~

over

1. Over in the mē~~a~~dōw,
 Sitting in the sun,
 You'll find a mother tō~~a~~d
 And her little tō~~a~~dī~~e~~ one.
2. "Jūmp!" says the mother.
 "We jūmp!" ~~says~~ the one;
 And they jūmp and are glā~~d~~
 In the bright, shīn ing sun.
3. Over in the mē~~a~~dōw,
 Where the bro~~o~~k run~~s~~ throug~~h~~,
 You'll find a mother fish
 And her little fishē~~s~~ tw~~o~~.
4. "Swim!" says the mother.
 "We swim!" sāy the tw~~o~~;
 And they swim and are glā~~d~~,
 Thō~~u~~gh thēir joy~~s~~ are but fēw.

5. Over in the mēādōw,
In an old apple trēē,
You'll find a mother bird
And her little bird iēs thrēē.

6. "Sing!" says the mother.
"We sing!" sāy the thrēē;
And they sing and are glād
In the old apple trēē.

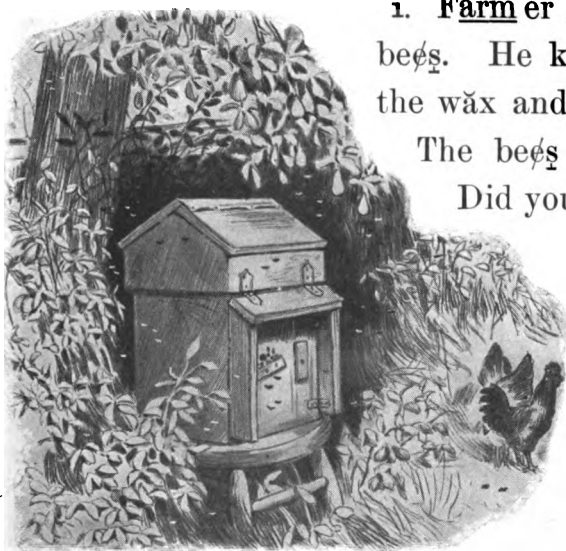
7. Over in the mēādōw,
On the grass ŷ flōōr,
You'll find a mother ēwē,
With her little lam~~b~~kins fōōr.

a. "Skip!" says the mother.
"We skip!" sāy the fōōr;
And they skip and are glād
On the grēēn mēādōw flōōr.
— Ōlīvē A. Wāds~~w~~ōrth.

LESSON XX

The Busy Bees

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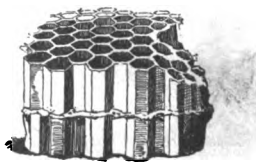
1. Farmer Hūxtōn ōwns many bees. He kēeps the bees for the wāx and hōnēy they make.

The bees live in a bee hīve.

Did you ever see one?

2. The bee hīve is a woodēn bōx. It stands on a stool under the pēar trēē. The bees go in and out thrōugh a hōlē.

3. They būild thēir hōnēy cōmb in sīdē. This is how it looks. We call the hōlēs çēlls. The wālls of thēsē çēlls are mādē of wāx. You may ex am inē the picture.



Each çell, you see, is a hexagon. That is, it has six sides and six corners. The sides must be all of exactly the same length. Hexagons may be large or small. They are all a like in shape. Don't you think bees are fairly, to make these çells so perfect?

4. They fill the çells with honey. This is for their winter food. They make a great deal more than they need. Farm er Huxt^{on} takes all they have to spare and sells it.

5. Bees are much admired for their industry. They work as cheerfully as if work were play. They s^et an excellent example for boys and girls.



LESSON XXI

Poor Brother F^{ox}

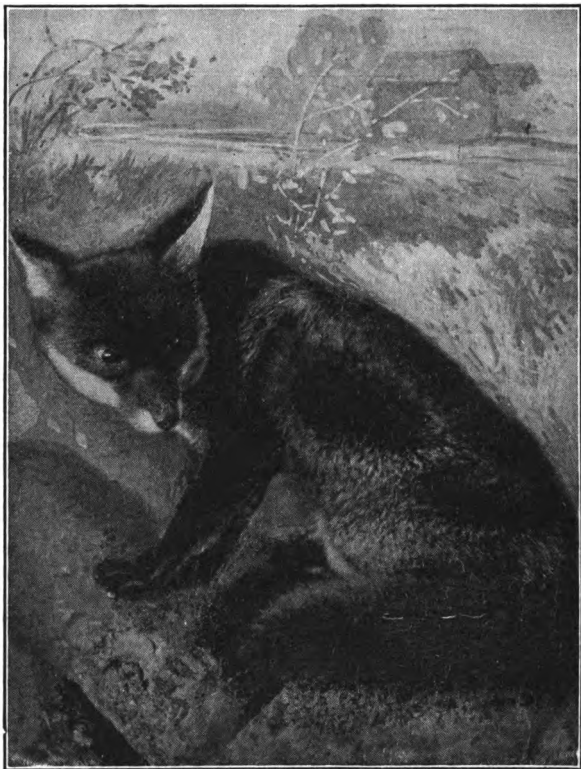
1. It is not every one who works for a living. Brother F^{ox} does not. He lives by thiev ing. Farm er Huxt^{on} raises chickens with a great deal of eare. Brother F^{ox} helps him s^elf to them when ever he can do so.

2. He feeds his children on st^{ol}en chicken, too. That

is a bād way to bring them up. They lĕarn to think it thĕir dŭtŷ to stĕal. No one ever explānŷ right and wrōng to them. We can not ex pĕet them to be hōn est.

3. Stĕaling is not a sāfĕ thing to do ēŷth er. Brother Fōx will get in to trōublĕ some day. Farm er Hŭxtōn has not caughŷt him so fār, how-
ever. He is vĕrŷ sōrĕly vexĕd abōut him.

4. Brother Fōx is slŷ and kĕeps out of all snāpĕs. They sāy he is as shārp-ēyĕd as a lŷnx. Slŷ as he is, he will be caughŷt some day. Then he will find that stĕaling is no laugh ing matter.



5. He has run off with six chickēns in twō weeks.

I don't think he will get a seventh. Shall I tell you why?

6. Farmer Huxton has hung a hammock in the bärn. He is going to slēep there a while. The next tīmē Brother Fōx appears will be the last.

7. The oxen will hear a gun go off. Next mōrn ing they will see a dēad fōx.

8. Shall we take the pickax and dig Brother Fōx a grāve? Shall we call the sexton and have a fine fūneral?

9. Or shall we strip off Brother Fōx's skin and stūff it? We might do so and send it to the mūseūm.

10. Fârewell, Brother Fōx!



LESSON XXII

Nēll's Let ter

1. Dēar Grandmā, I will try to write

A vērŷ little let ter.

If I don't spēll the wōrds all right,

Why, next tīmē I'll do bētter.

2. I think I'll clōse my let ter now ;
I've nōthing more to tell.
Plēase an s'wer soōn and come to see
Your lōv ing little Nēll.

3. "Well, that *is* a shōrt let ter!" criēd Grandmä,
laugh ing. "It is nēar ly as shōrt as the stōry of Jack
and Dōry."

4. "Who were Jack and Dōry, Grandmä?" said
Willē. Willē was Nēll's little eōūs'n. He was play-
ing with his blōcks up on the floōr. He heard what
Grandmä said a bout Nēll's let ter.

5. "No one ever found out who they were," said
Grandmä.

6. "You said there was a stōry a bout them," said
Willē. "Tell it to me, Grandmä."

7. "That wōn't take lōng," said Grandmä. "It is
ōnly one of the Mōther Gōōse rhymes. Here it is in
your picture bōōk. Come and point to the wōrds whilē
I rēad it."

8. Willē offerēd his little fat hand to Grandmä. She
told him to straightēn out the in dex fingēr. She
pointēd with it to each wōrd, as she rēad: —

"I'll tell you a stōry
A bout Jack and Dōry;
And now my stōry's be gūn.
I'll tell you an other
Of Jack and his brother;
And now my stōry is dōnø."



LESSON XXIII

The New Mōon

1. Dēār mōther, how pretty
The mōon looks to-night!
She was never so eunning be fōrø;
Her t~~w~~o little hōrns
Are so shārp and so bright,
I hōpø she'll not grōw any more.
2. If I were up there
With you and my friends,
I'd rōck in it nice ly, you'd see;
I'd sit in the mīddlø
And hold by bōth ends;
Oh, what a bright crādlø 'twould be!

3. I would call to the stārs
To kēēp out of the way,
Lest we shōūld rōck over thēir tōēs;
And then I would rōck
Till the dāwn of the day,
And see where the pretty mōon goes.

4. And there we would stay
In the bēāūtī ful skīēs,
And througħ the bright clouds we would rōām;
We would see the sun sēt,
And see the sun rīse,
And on the next rāīnbōw come home.

— Elīzā Fōllen.

LESSON XXIV

The Pied Piper

1. Do you like rat stōrīēs, childrēn? Well, here is the mōst fāmōus one ever told.

2. Of cōūrsē you have heard of Hamelin! What! no? — nōr of the Pied Piper? Well, then, listēn, all.

3. Hamelin was a town full of busy pēōplē. It was

full of rats, too. There were more rats than pēople. The pēople did not know what to do, the rats annoyed them so. They tried one thing after an other.

4. At last they wēnt to the Māyōr with thēir trōuble. But he could not hēlp them in the lēast.

5. Just then, the Piēd Piper cāmē to town. He said he could charm the rats a way. He offerēd to do so for a thousānd gūilders. That was a grēat dēal of mōnēy. But the Māyōr prōmisēd him he shōuld have it.

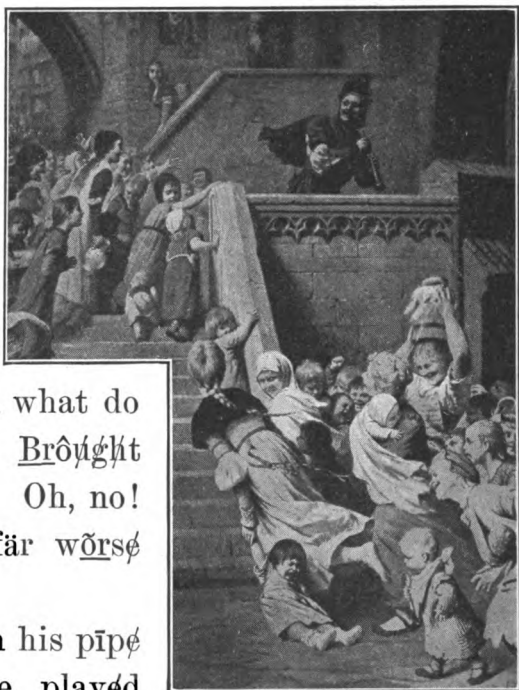
6. Then he playēd up on his pipē. You shōuld have heard him! It sounded like scrāping trīpē. It sounded like crūshing apples, to make cīder. It sounded like ōpēning pīcklē bārrelē and jēlly jārē. It sounded like drawing cōrks. It sounded like brēak-
ing the hōōps of but ter tūbē.

7. The rats lovē all thēsē sounds dēarly. They all ran out, expēcting a fēast. They fōllōwēd the Piēd Piper from strēēt to strēēt. You would have dōnē so your sēlvēē. Yes, you would, if you had been rats. No rat could stay at home that day.

8. But the Piēd Piper trickēd them bādly. He led them to the rīver and stōppēd there. They were run-
ning so fāst, they could not stōp. In to the water they

plunged and were drowned. So the town was freed from rats.

9. Then the Pied Piper claimed his money. But the Mayor would not give it to him. Then what do you think he did? Brought the rats back to life? Oh, no! He did something far worse than that.



10. He played up on his pipe again. This time he played sweet music. It was sweeter than any music ever heard before. It seemed to tell the children beautiful stories. It told them of a lovely land near by. It promised them they should go there.

11. They heard it wherever they were. They came running out of their homes. They laughed and shouted with glee. They followed the Pied Piper from street to street.

12. He led them to the mountain. When they reached it, a way opened before them. They passed through the opening with the Pied Piper. All followed him but one child, who was lame.

13. The way closed up behind them. They were never seen again in Hamelin. Neither was the Pied Piper.



LESSON XXV

The Envious Squirrel

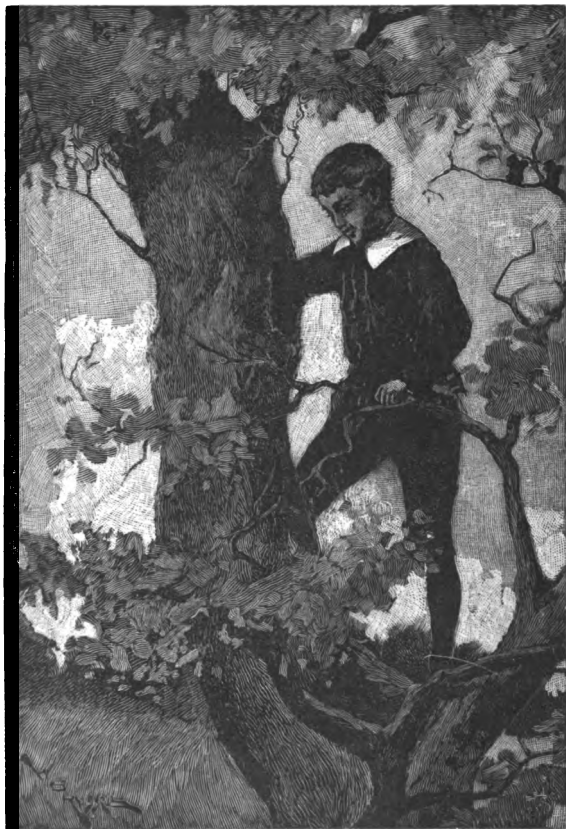
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1. Mr. Squirrel has a quēer little home. It is a hole in a pēar trēē. He lives vērŷ quīetly with his wīfē and famīly.

2. The trēē is in Farmer Hūxtōn's ôrchard. The squīrrels spend mōst of thēir tīmē in a wood nēar by. They have quītē a nūmber of frīends there. They know the Quails and the Hārē famīly. They are ācquāīnted with Mr. and Mrs. Land-Tūrtlē. They never vīŷ it Mr. Owl, thōugh they know where he lives. They

have often scampered up and down his tree. They have peeped in to his house.

3. "I wish Mr. Owl would move," said Mrs. Squirrel, one day. "The hole that he lives in would make a good home for us. He is a queer fellow. He lives all a lone. He never receives any calls. He never goes to the Queen Bee's banquets. No one ever inquires about him. He sleeps all day. He cannot bear the glare of the sunlight. He must be very bashful. You could not coax him out if you tried. Why should such a fellow have a nicer home than we?"



4. "Don't be envious, my dear," said Mr. Squirrel.
 "Our home is quite as good as his."

5. "We should be safer in the forest," said Mrs. Squirrel. "When they gather the fruit, I quake with fear. Every quiver of our branch makes me tremble. We ought to find safer quarters. A squeal from one of our children might ruin us. Farmer Huxton might hear it and come to look for us. Then he would put us into a cage for his boys. We should never get out again."

6. The next day, Farmer Huxton's son Robert was in the wood. He climbed the oak tree where Mr. Owl lived. He found the hole and pulled Mr. Owl out of it. He took him home and put him in to a cage.

7. The hole in the oak was empty now. But Mrs. Squirrel decided not to move in to it.

8. "I'll never be envious again," she said.

Would you take your brother's toy?

Then you are a self ish boy.

How would you, your self, enjoy

Having some one take your toy?

LESSON XXVI

The Wise Flies

1. A hūngry spīder māde a wēb
Of thrēad so vērly finē,
Your tīny fīngers seârce could fēel
The little slend er linē.
Round a bout and round a bout,
And round a bout it spun,
Straīght a crōss, and back again,
Un tīl the wēb was dōne.
2. Oh, what a pretty shīn ing wēb
It was when it was dōne!
The little flīes all cāme to see
It hānging in the sun.
Round a bout and round a bout,
And round a bout they dāncēd,
A crōss the wēb, and back again,
They dārt ed and they glāncēd.
3. The hūngry spīder sat and watchēd
The hāppy little flīes;

It saw all round a bout its head,

It had so many eyes.

Round a bout and round a bout,

And round a bout they go,

A cross the web, and back again,

Now low, now high, now low.

4. "I'm hungry, very hungry,"

Said the spider to a fly.

"If you were caught with in the web

You very soon should die."

But round a bout and round a bout,

And round a bout once more,

A cross the web, and back again,

They flitted as be fore.

5. For all the flies were much too wise

To venture near the spider;

They flapped their little wings, and flew

In circles ever wider.

Round a bout and round a bout,

And round a bout went they,

A cross the web, and back again,

And then they flew a way.

—Aunt Effie's Rhymes.

LESSON XXVII

An Evening at Home

Z



1. It was late one October evening, after a wet day. The sea breeze had brought rain and drizzle. Supper was over and the family were enjoying them selves together.

2. Little Flăxën-Hâir, as grandpă callēd her, was vëry busy. She was making zīg zăg fēncēs on the dīning tā blē. For rails she ūsēd mătchēs.

3. Măx sat at the other sīdē of the tā blē. He was wřiting an exērcīsē for sēhōōl. He had a quill pēn. He had mādē it out of one of Hēn Pēn's tail fēāthērs. He likes quill pēns bēcāūsē they are sōft and wřitē smōōth ly.

4. Mammă sat nēār by, sēw ing. She was making a quilt for Flăxën-Hâir's crīb.

5. Jāmēs was mēnd ing the āxlē of his ex prēsē cārt.

6. Jōnas was working out a pūzzlē in his stōrř pāpēr. He was working hārd. He expēctēd to wīn a prīzē by sōlv ing it.

7. A finē wōōd firē blāzēd on the hēārth. Dexter sat nēār it with his new bīrth day bōōk. He was look ing at pictures of zēbrās and grīzzly bēārē and grēāt līzārds.

8. Grandpă Quilp sat dōzing in his ēāsř châir. Some timēs he would wākē up and gāzē a whīlē in to the firē. Still his ēyēs would rēmāīn hālf clōsēd. The flāmēs seemēd to dāzzlē them.

9. Vixēn, the blāck eat, sat bēfōrē the firē. Fūzz,

her gray kitten, lay a sleep be side her. Zip, the poodle, lay at the other end of the rug. His muzzle was put a way for the winter.

10. Lizzie was squeezing grapes to make a pleasant drink.

11. "Vixen is catching cold," said Lizzie to her mother. "She has sneezed three times."

12. "Yes," said her mother, "it is a chilly evening. But Vixen's fur coat should keep her warm."

13. "I think it will freeze be fore morning," said James. "This drizzle will turn to sleet. By sunrise, every thing will be frozen over."

14. "Oh, no!" said Dexter. "It is too early in the season for that. Wait until after Thanksgiving for your slippery side walks."

15. "At any rate, we won't worry a bout it," said Lizzie. "The mercury is n't down to zero."

16. "Don't eat that lozenge, Dexter," she went on. "Your grape juice won't taste sweet after it."

17. As she spoke, she handed grandpa a glass of grape juice.

18. "What sort of mixture is this?" asked grandpa, in his whispery voice. "I see it's a liquid. What do

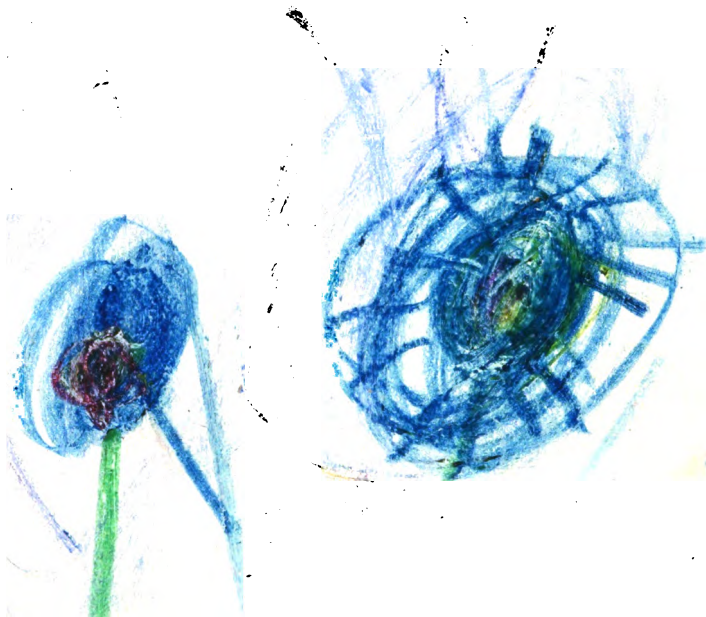
you chärge for it? I don't bel~~j~~ēvø I'vø a sīxpençø a bout me."

19. Grandpā chücklød over his ōwn jøkø and fēlt in his pöckēts. He mādø bel~~j~~ēvø he was looking for a sīxpençø.

20. "Oh, that's ōnly an exēsø, grandpā," laughød Lizzīø. "You'll have to pāy for your grāpø ju~~j~~içø. But you can pāy with a stōry. It must be a lōng one, too."

21. Then Lizzīø brougħt hāzøl nūts, rā~~s~~ins, and eākø. The childrēn gātherød a round grandpā with thēir plates. When all was quīēt, he told them the fōllōw-ing stōry:— (See Pärt II.)

END OF PART. I





PICTURE FOR A STORY.

SECOND READER

PART II

LESSON I

Āmā the Sun Fāirȳ

(A Jāpanēśō Stōrȳ)

ocean

stranger

Jāpan is the nāmō of a cōuntry. It is many thousand mīlēś frōm here. Some of its pēōplē come here to livē. They are callēd Jāpanēśō.

The Jāpanēśō make many pretty things. They make pretty stōrȳś too. Mōst of the pretty things they sell. Our pēōplē buy many of them. The pretty stōrȳś they tell to thēir childrēn. This is one of them. I trust you will like it.

1. Once the sun fāirȳ, Āmā, hīd in a cāvē.
2. She was a frāīd of her brother Susā. Susā livēd in the ocean. He mādē a grēat noīśē with his billōwś.

His winds howled and his waves roared fiercely in storms.



3. Sometimes the waves tried to leap to the sun.
 Amā was afraid her light would be put out.

4. When she hid in the cave she put the light out herself. The sun could not shine without her. The moon

could not shīnē with out the sun. The stārs were too fār ōff to give much light.

5. Suṣā was sōrry when he saw the dārknēss. His fishēs pīnēd for the day light.

6. He callēd to Ämä, but she would not come out. He had mādē her a fräid of him.

7. At lāst he brought an arm of the sēa in land. He blew a sōft brēzē over it. The water rippled lightly under his brēath.

8. It brokē in to hāppy little wāvēlets. They lāppēd the rōcks at the mouth of the cāvē. They laughēd joyfully.

9. When Ämä heard them, she pēēpēd out.

10. Suṣā hēld a mīrrōr befōrē her fācē. She had never seen her fācē in a glass befōrē. She thought she saw an other lōvēly fāirȳ.

11. Suṣā spokē to her in sōft tōnēs. He kēpt out of her sight, behīnd the rōck. She thought it was the bēautiful stranger spēaking.

12. "I am from the mōōn," said the voicē. "I have come to bēg you to come out. We want you to shīnē again in the sun. We can not do with out you any lōngēr."

13. While the voice was speaking Ämä listened. She came out further and further.

14. At last Susä flung his arms about her. He whisked her off to her home in the sun.

15. "Stay there, like a good sister," he said. "I will be a good brother to you. I will not frighten you any more. Do stay at home, now, and shine for us all."

16. So Ämä has stayed at home ever since. She shines for us all day. At night she shines for the little Chinese children. It is then their day. While we have day, they have night.



LESSON II

Grandmä's Ängel

1. Mammä said, "Little one, go and see
If Grandmä's ready to come to tea."
I knew I must not disturb her, so
I stepped quite light ly a long, tip toe,
And stood a moment to take a peep ;
And there was Grandmä, fast a sleep !

2. I knew it was time for her to wake.
I thought I'd give her a little shake,
Or tap at her door, or soft lyeall.
But I hadn't the heart for that at all;
She looked so sweet and quiet there,
Lying back in her high arm chair,
With her dear white hair and a little smile
That means she is loving you all the while.
3. I didn't make a speck of noise;
I knew she was dreaming of little boys
And girls who lived with her long ago,
And then went to heaven — she told me so.
4. I crept up close and didn't speak
One word, but I gave her, on her check,
The soft est bit of a little kiss,
Just in a whisper, and then said this:
“Grandma, dear, it's time for tea.”
- She opened her eyes and looked at me,
And said, “Why, pet, I've just now dreamed
Of a little angel who came and seemed
To kiss me lovingly on my check.”

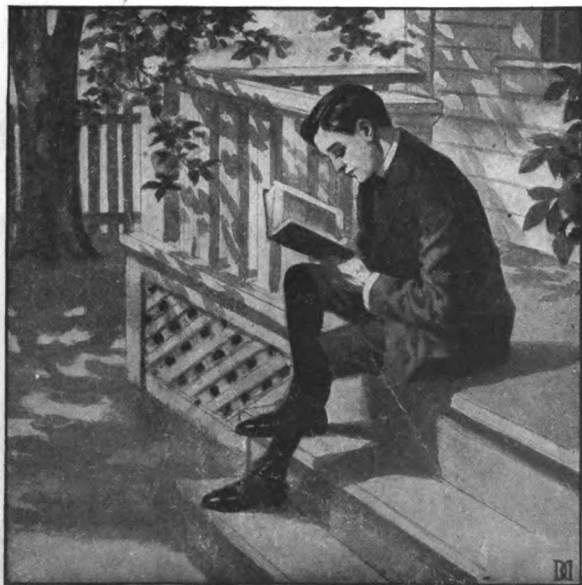
I never told her 't was ōn ly me ;
I tōok her hand, and we wēnt to tēa.

— Sīdney Dārē.

LESSON III

Lōng, Lōng A go

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1. It is a warm
Auguſt day. The
cattle are grāz ing
in the pāſture.
The beeſ būzz by
on thēir gawzy
wings. A light
hāzē is over
every thing.

2. Daniēl sits
on the ſtēps
rēad ing his new

book. It is a hiſtōry of the Ūnited Statēs.

3. Daniël is a big boy and likes such books. He wishes to learn all about his country.

4. He is reading now about the Spaniards. Their home is beyond the sea. It is in a country called Spain.

5. Hundreds of years ago, our country belonged to the Indians. Many Spaniards came here in their ships. They fought the Indians and seized their land.

6. The Spaniards had horses and guns. The Indians had never seen either. Neither had they ever seen white men.

7. When they saw a white man on a horse, they stared at him. They thought man and horse were one animal.

8. The guns frightened them. They were amazed and anxious. Yet they fought bravely, with their bows and arrows. But the Spaniards quickly conquered them.

9. After the Spaniards, other white people came. They took more land from the Indians. Now there are millions and millions of white people in this country. They own nearly all the land. Only a small part of it is left to the Indians.

10. Our p~~ar~~t of the c~~oun~~tr~~y~~ is c~~all~~ed the Ūnited States. Some t~~im~~es we c~~all~~ it "our gl~~or~~ious Ūnion." Do you know the s~~ong~~, "The Ūnion, the Ūnion for ever"?

LESSON IV

H~~ang~~ up the B~~ab~~y's St~~ock~~ ing

sure

1. H~~ang~~ up the b~~ab~~y's st~~ock~~ ing.
 Be sure you don't for get.
 The d~~ear~~ little d~~im~~pl~~ed~~ d~~ar~~ling
 Has never s~~een~~ C~~h~~ristmas y~~et~~.
2. But I t~~old~~ him all a b~~ou~~t it,
 And he o~~p~~en~~ed~~ his b~~ig~~, bl~~ue~~ e~~y~~es;
 I am sure he under st~~ood~~ it,
 He look~~ed~~ so f~~un~~n~~y~~ and w~~is~~e.
3. Äh, what a t~~in~~y st~~ock~~ ing!
 It doesn't take much to h~~old~~
 Such little t~~oe~~s as b~~ab~~y's,
 S~~afe~~ from the fr~~ost~~ and c~~old~~.

4. But then, for the bābŷ's Chřristmas,
It never will do at all ;
For Santa Clāws wouldn't be look ing
For any thing hālf so small.
5. I know what will do for bābŷ ;
I've thōught of a first rate plan :
I'll bōrrōw a stōck ing from grandmā,
The lōngest that ever I can.
6. And you shall hāng it up, mother,
Right here in the corner — so ;
And wřite a letter for bābŷ,
And fāstēn it on the tōp.
7. “ Old Santa Clāws, this is a stōck ing
Hūng up for our bābŷ dēar.
You never have seen the dārling ;
He has not been with us a yēar.
8. “ But he is a beāūtī ful bābŷ !
And now, be fōre you go,
Plēase cram this stōck ing with play things
From the tōp of it down to the tōp.”
— The Little Cōrporal.

LESSON V

What?

Washington

(NOTE.—Before this lesson is read, the teacher should tell the story of Washington and his hatchet.)

1. If all the trēēs were chērry trēēs,
 And every little boy
 Should have, like yōūng Geōrge Washington,
 A hā/chēt for his toy,
 And ūse it in a way un wīse,
 What shōūld we do for chērry pīēs?

2. “We shōūldn’t have many,” laughēd Rīchē, as he finīshēd rēād īng this rhyme. “I belīevē there are more boys in the wōrld than chērry trēēs. If each boy were to kīll one chērry trēē — what then? Whē, there wōūldn’t be any lēft.”

3. “Chērrīēs cān’t grōw on apple trēēs. They must have chērry trēēs to grōw on. So we shōūld have no chērrīēs.”

4. “Chērry pīēs cān’t be mādē out of watermēlōns.”

They must have cherrys in them. So we shouldn't have any cherry pies."

5. "George Washington, you were a good boy. I wish all boys were like you. But it wasn't good to kill the cherry trees. I am glad all boys don't kill cherry trees."

6. "I wonder if we are going to have cherry pie for supper. I'll go and ask Susan. If we are, I must learn this rhyme by heart. I'll recite it at supper time. I'll say it is a riddle. Then I'll make every body try to guess it."



LESSON VI

Little Birds

1. What does little birds say,
In her nest at peep of day?
"Let me fly," says little birds,
"Mother, let me fly a way."
2. "Birds, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger."
So she rests a little longer;
Then she flies a way.

3. What does little bābŷ say,
 In her bed at pēp of day?
Bābŷ says, like little birdŷ,
 "Let me rīŷ and flŷ a way."
4. "Bābŷ, slēep a little lōnger,
 Till the little limbŷ are strōnger.
 If she slēeps a little lōnger,
 Bābŷ, too, shall flŷ a way."

— Ālfred Tēnnŷon.

LESSON VII

The Hūngŷ Fowlŷ

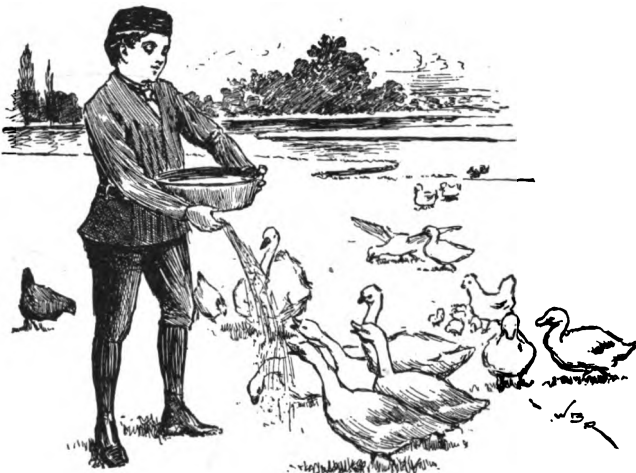
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1. Such a crāzŷ squall ing of gēeŷ and quāck ing of
dūcks! The fowlŷ have come up from the
 swāmp lōt.

2. Warrēnisfēd- ing them. See how
 that little yēllōw duck waddlēs!
 Even the swān forgets to be grācē ful. They
 are all so hūngŷ.

3. They have wandered free all day. Now they will settle to sleep in the poultry yard.

4. No one had to find them and drive them home. They knew the time though they carried no watches. Even the youngest knew it was feeding time. They were all sure of it.



5. They knew the way home, too. They came up past the grave yard and the walnut grove. They came through the squash lot down yonder. They stopped by the onion patch. They passed the pig, wallowing in his muddy pen.

6. They did not quarrel at all on the way home. But now see them squabble over the corn and meal! It's my opinion they are very greedy fowls.

7. Polite fowls would never be so noisy over their food.

LESSON VIII

The Bābēs in the Wōd

1. My dēār, you must know,
That a good whilē a go,
There were tŵo little childrēn,
Whosē nāmes I don't know,
Who were taken a way,
On a bright autūmn day,
And lōst in a wōd,
As I'vē heard pēōplē say.
2. Now when it was night,
Věry sād was thēir plight;
The stārs did not shīnē,
And the mōōn hīd her light.
Then they sōbbēd and they sighēd,
And sād ly they criēd,
And the pōōr little things
At lāst lāy down and diēd~~ed~~.
3. Tŵo rōbins so red,
When they saw them liē dēād,
Brought bēech and ōak lēāves,

And over them spread.
 And all the day long,
 The branches among,
 They sang to them softly;
 And this was their song: —

4. "Poor babies in the wood!
 Poor babies in the wood!
 Oh! who'll come to find
 The poor babies in the wood?"



LESSON IX

Who?



1. Who came to Lucy Grey's house last night?
2. Why, Santa Claus, of course! Any one could guess that.
3. How did he come from his home in the frozen north?
4. In his sleigh, with its freight of toys.

5. Who brought him over the house-tops?
6. His reindeer, of course. Only they could do that.



7. What did he bring Lucy Grey?

8. A game of croquet; a bouquet of hot house flowers; some skeins of bright colored silk, and a dear little black spaniel.

9. Is not that too much for one little girl?

10. Yes, but Lucy will not keep all these things. She will give some of them to her little neighbor, Alice Peyton.

11. What has Santa Claus brought mamma?

12. A scalloped break fast cape; a quire of note paper.

a lēath er wā l et ; a pretty grēy vēil ; a new wāffl ē irōn,
and a bēāūtī ful brōnz ē clōck.

13. Whom does Santa Clays lōv ē ?
14. Childrēn that ōbey thēir pārēnts.

LESSON X

The Twō Little Kittēns

1. Twō little kittēns, one stōrmŷ night,
Be gān to quarrēl, and then to fight ;
One had a mōus ē, the other had nōn ē,
And that's the way the quarrēl be gūn.
2. " I'll have that mōus ē," said the bigger eat.
" *You'll* have that mōus ē? we'll see a bout *that* ! "
" I *will* have that mōus ē," said the ēlder sōn.
" You *shā'n't* have the mōus ē," said the little one.
3. I tōld you be fōr ē 'twas a stōrmŷ night
When thēs ē twō little kittēns be gān tō fight ;
The old wōman sēiz ēd her swēep ing brōōm,
And swēpt the twō kittēns rīght out of thēir hōm.

4. The ground was covered with frōst and snow,
And the two little kittens had no where to go;
So they laid them down on the mat at the dōor,
Whilē the old wōman finishēd sweeping the flōor.
5. Then they crept in again, quiēt as mice,
All wet with snow, and as cold as ice,
For they found it was bētter, that stōrmȳ night,
To lie down and slēep than to quarrēl and fight.



LESSON XI

My Nēphēw, Philip

ph	gh
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1. This is my dēar little nēphēw. He is an orphan;
that is, he has no pārents. He
has come to live with us. His
nāmē is Philip.



2. There is a picture of Philip's
mother on the tāblē. She has
been dēad two yēars. Her little sōn loved her

dearly. He never disobeyed her. He is trying to copy the picture.

3. He is too young to draw very well. He can not cipher at all. He has never been at school.

4. He is ill now with whooping cough. He must keep out of draughts. He must not play roughly.

5. The phaeton is at the door. The pony wants to be off. Just hear him neigh! He jerks the reins and paws the ground.

6. Philip can not go to ride to-day. He is not well enough. The pony will have to go back to his stall.

7. The nurse is bringing Philip some nice whey to drink.

c	ce	s	se	t
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(Pronounced sh)

8. Philip says the whey is delicious. He thanks the nurse graciously. He is a very good boy. The physician says he will soon be well.

9. He calls Daniel his "best relation." He likes the stories Daniel tells him. He likes the pictures Daniel shows him.

10. Some of them are pictures of Indians. Daniël tells him how the Indians once owned our ecountry. He likes to hear a bout those ancient days. He likes to hear how the Indians used wampum for money. He likes to see pictures of the wigwams they lived in. He likes to hear of the Spaniards who came across the ocean.

11. There are other pictures in Daniël's big book. Some are pictures of ferocious animals. Philip has permission to look at them all. It is a precious book.

12. It is vacation now. Daniël can be with his sick cousin a good deal. The boys have much affection for each other.

13. Some times Philip coughs very hard. He has to turn from his pictures then. That is vexatious, but Philip keeps his temper. He is a patient little fellow.

Here I stand both day and night,
 To tell the hours with all my might.
 So then, ex am ple take by me,
 And serve the right as I serve thee.

LESSON XII

Selling the Bābŷ

1. Rōbbiŷ's sold the bābŷ!
 Sold her out and out!
 And I'll have to tell you
 How it cāmŷ a bout.
2. When on New Yēār's mōrn ing
 Rōbbiŷ's ōpēn ing ēyēs
 Spīēd the brand new bābŷ,
 What a glād surprīse!
3. All the tīmŷ he wātchēd her,
 Seārċēly cārēd to play,
 Lest the prēcīōus bābŷ
 Shōūld be snātchēd a way.
4. Now he's gōnŷ and sold her!
 For to-day he ran
 And annōuncēd to mām mā,
 " Yes, I've found a man!

5. "Here's the man'll buȳ her;
Get her wěadȳ, krick!"
With an âir of business
Brandish ing a stick.
6. "Sold my bābȳ, Rōbbiȳ?"
Māmma sād ly said;
Rōbbiȳ, quītȳ dēcīd ed,
Bōbbēd his little hēad.
7. "Well, if this man buȳs her,
What will he give you?"
"Oh, tȳo nice bīg horses,
And fivē pēnniēs, too!"
8. "What's the good of bābiēs?
Ōn ly squēal and sewēam;
I can go horse-bāck'n
When I get my tēam."
9. But when quīēt night cāme,
Rōbbiȳ's prāȳers were said,
And he lookēd at Bābȳ
In her little bed.

10. And he said, when Bābŷ
Smiled in some sweet drēam,
“She’s wūrf fōrtŷ horses,
‘Stēad of just a tēam!”
11. Bābŷ’s weŷ pīnk fīngers
Round his ōwn he eūrlēd;
“She’s wūrf all the horses
In dis whōlē bīg wōrld!”



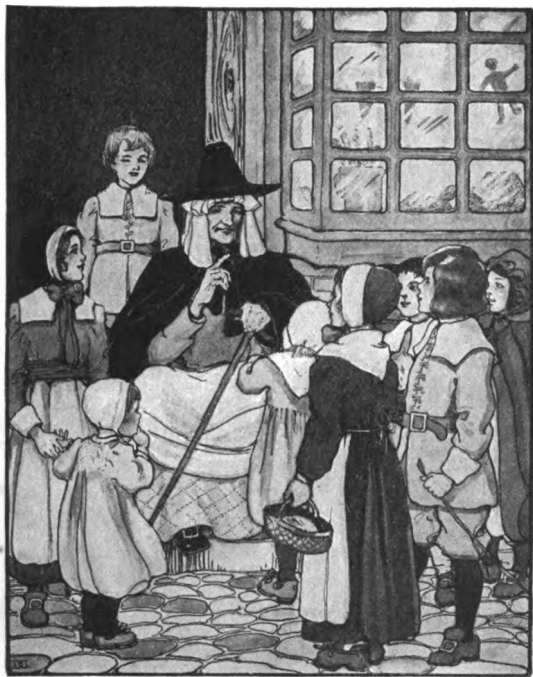
LESSON XIII

Mother Gōōsē

1. “Who was Mother Gōōsē, Aunt Rāchēl?”
2. “She was a dēār, old lādŷ who livēd lōng ago.
She livēd in Bōstōn. Her fāmīly kēpt a little stōrē.
A mōng other things they had candŷ for sālē. Of
cōūrsē many chīldrēn cāmē to the stōrē.
3. “Mother Gōōsē ūsēd to sīt out on the sīdē wālk.
Fīnē wēāthēr al wāys found her there, with the chīldrēn.
She lovēd them, and they lovēd her.
4. “She could make rhŷmēs as fāst as she could tāk.

The childrēn lovēd to hear them. She had to tell them over and over again.

5. "How many tīmes Jack and Jilk fēll down that hill! How many tīmes the dish ran off with the spoon! How many tīmes little Jack Hōrner ate that sāmē plūm!



6. "The childrēn ūsēd to lēarn the rh̄ymes by hēart. They heard them so many tīmes. They would go home and say them to the bābies. Then the bābies would laugh.

So would the bīg brothers and sisters. So would the fāthers and mothers.

7. "Evr̄y bōdy cāmē to know a bout Mother Gōosē and her rh̄ymes. At lāst the stōrē kēep er had them printed. They have been printed over and over

again. Now-a-days, they are in more childrēn's books than ever.

3. "I haven't told you what street Mother Goose lived in. I am sure you will think it had a nice name. It was called Pudding Lane."



LESSON XIV

Naughty Patty

1. Little Patty Pöpgun
Never'd stay in bed.
Mother'd hear her footies
Pit-pat over head.
2. Last night, naughty Patty
Caught her little toes.
Down she fell, and oh! oh!
Bumped her little nose.
3. Up they came, and found her
Crying on the floor;
And to-day her head aches,
And her nose is sore.

4. Were I Pattý Pöpgun,
 I should stay in bed.
 I should do at all times
 What my mother said.

— Babý-land.

LESSON XV

The Grateful Mouse

minute	nostrils
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1. Once a lion lay a sleep at the mouth of his dén.
 A little wood-mouse was smelling a bout a móng the
leaves. She thought
 the lion's paw was
 a root.



2. She ran up
 one of his toes.
 There she played
 a bout on the great
foot for a minute or two. Then she smelt his nose.
 She wanted to see if that was a root, too.

3. She was a bout to go in to one of his nostrils. She thought she would build her a nest in there. But she felt the lion's breath going in and out. It was like a great wind to her. She wondered where the draught came from. She had never felt such a warm breath before.

4. "I will find out a bout this," said the mouse. "I will do a little nibbling just here." But her nibbling tickled the lion's nose, and he awoke.

5. When he opened his great eyes, the mouse stood still. She could not move for fright. Then he opened his great mouth. She ran right in to it! She was too frightened to know what she was doing.

6. The lion closed his mouth. The mouse was perched upon the middle of his tongue. His great teeth never came near her. But she was pretty well squeezed.

7. The tongue pressed lightly against the roof of the mouth. After a minute or two, it moved. The lion was tasting her, to see what she was.

8. "Why, it's a mouse!" he said to himself. "What a silly little mouse it must be!"

9. He was a bout to swallow her, but he did not.

He changed his mind. He pitied the poor, foolish little thing.

10. "A wood-mouse is no meal for me," he said. "It would take a hundred mice to make me a dinner. She loves her little life as well as I do mind. I will let her go."

11. He opened his great mouth. The mouse jumped out and ran off. She did not even stop to say "Thank you." She was too frightened.

12. But she was a grate ful little mouse, for all that. She did not forget how the lion had be haved to her.

13. This lion was not so good to sheep. In deed, he was a very wicked fellow to them.

14. He said he liked the sheep. He said he loved the lambs. But he loved to eat them. This gave him a bad name a mong the farmers.

15. One day, some men spread a strong net for him. They thought they would catch him this way. Then they could shoot him and sell his skin.

16. Sure enough, the lion was caught in the net. He could not get free. He roared and struggled in vain.

17. The men heard him roar ing. They ran with their guns in to the wood.

18. But the mouse heard him roaring, too. Small as she was, she ran to save him. She nibbled through every cord that held him.

19. Her work was done just in time. He ran off as the men came in sight. He did not stop to say "Thank you," either.

20. But he was glad he had spared that mouse.



LESSON XVI

The Fly

1. Bābŷ Byŷ,

Here's a fly;

Let us watch him, you and I.

How he crawls

Up the walls!

Yet he never falls.

I believe, with six such legs,

You and I could walk on eggs.

There he goes

On his toes,

Tickling bābŷ's nose.

2. Spōts of red,

Dōt his hēad,

Rāīnbōws on his bāck are sprēad.

That small spēck

Is his nēck ;

See him nōd and bēck.

I can shōw you, if you chōose,

Where to look to find his shōes —

Thrē small pāirs,

Mādē of hāirs ;

Thēsē he al ways wēars.

3. Blāck and brown

Is his gown ;

He can wēar it up sīdē down.

It is lācēd

Rōund his wāist ;

I ādmīrē his tāstē.

Yēt, thōugh tight his clōthes are mādē,

He will losē them, I'm a frāid,

If to-night

He gets sight

Of the can dlē light.

4. In the sun

Wēbꝰ are spun;

What if he gets in to one?

When it rāꝯꝰ,

He eōmplāꝯꝰ

On the windōw pānēꝰ.

Tōꝯꝰ to talk have you and I;

Ġōd has given the little flȳ

No such things;

So he sings

With his būzzing wings.

5. He can eat

Bread and meat:

There's a mouth be tweekn his fēꝰt.

On his bāck

Is a sāck,

Like a peddlēr's pāck.

Does the bābȳ understand?

Then the flȳ shall kiss her hand.

Put a crūmꝰ

On her thūmꝰ;

May be he will come.

6. Cătch him? No!

Let him go;

Never hūrt an in sēt so.

But, no doubt,

He flēs out

Just to gād a bout.

Now you see his wings of silk

Dräbbled in the bābŷ's milk.

Fīē! oh, fīē!

Fool ish flŷ!

How will he get drŷ?

7. All wet flēs

Twist thēir thighs;

Then they wīpē thēir hēads and ēŷēs.

Cats, you know,

Wash just so;

Then thēir whiskers grōw.

Flēs have hāir too shōrt to cōmō!

So they flŷ bārēhēad ed home;

But the gnat

Wēars a hat;

Do you laugh at that?

a. Flies can see

More than we.

So, how bright their eyes must be!

Little fly,

Open your eye;

Spiders are near by!

For a secret I can tell;

Spiders never treat flies well.

Then a way!

Do not stay;

Little fly, good-day!



LESSON XVII

Fred's Birth day

February	American
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1. Fred Butler was born on the twenty-second of February. He was very proud of his birth day. Can you guess why?

2. Of course you can! Every American child knows about George Washington. Fred's birth day fell on Washington's birth day.

3. Fred's school had a fine large American flag. This was always hung out on the twenty-second of February. Fred used to say it was done to keep his birth day.



4. The boys would laugh at this. They knew that Fred was only joking. Then some one would ask: "How about the pieces we speak? Are they for you too?"

5. Fred would shake his head and laugh and run away.

6. A picture of Washington hung in the school room. Every twenty-second of February this was crowned. The children brought laurel branches to school.

A wreath was made for a crown. This was hung over the head of Washington. One child hung the wreath while the others sang. The song was about "Crowning Washington."

7. Fred was never absent on the twenty-second of February. He said he wanted to be like Washington.

8. This was not easy. He knew that Washington

was a vĕry brăvĕ boy. Nôthing could tĕmpt him to tell a liĕ.

9. Some tĕmĕs Fred did little things he was a shămed of. Then he would have likĕd to say "I didn't!" But he always thôught of Washington and told the truth.

10. Fred's notĕs to Săntă Clays were much a like. He always ăskĕd for something to play soldĭers with. Some tĕmĕs it was a sword or a gun. Some tĕmĕs it was a drŭm or a soldĭer căp. Once he ăskĕd for a hŏbbŷ horse. This was because he knew Washington likĕd to play soldĭers.

11. When his mother callĕd him from his play, he always ran right in. "That is what Washington would have dŏnĕ," he thôught. "And that is what I shall do."



LESSON XVIII

The New Hăchĕt

1. Geôrgĕ Washington was much like other boys.

2. He had a birth day ever ŷ yĕar. His frĭends găvĕ him birth day prĕsĕnts. One yĕar his făther găvĕ him a new hăchĕt.



3. He went out to look for something to chop. He might have found his mother's wood pile. He did not think of that.

4. He wandered out in to the orchard. There were some young cherry trees there. It was winter. The young leaves

had not yet come out. The trees looked brown and dead.

5. George knew they were only sleeping. But he did not stop to think of that. He tried his hatchet on the first one he came to.

6. He chopped and chopped. His hatchet was sharp. He thought, "What fine work this is!" But it was death to the tree.

7. The next day, Mr. Washington wēnt in to his ôrchārd. He wanted to see if there were any signs of spring. He lookēd to see how the yôung trēes were getting on. There was one of the finest, chôppēd to dēāth.

8. Mr. Washington was vērŷ āngry. He walkēd in to the housē and askēd, "Who killēd that chērrŷ trēē?"

9. "Whŷ," thôught Gēôrgē, "that must be the trēē I chôppēd. I did not mēān to kill it. What is to be dônē? I can not bring it to lifē again. Fāthēr will be vērŷ āngry with me. He will pun ish me, of côursē. But I must tell the truth."

10. So he stoōd up brāvēly. "I did it, fāthēr," he said, "with my little hā/chēt."

11. His fāthēr thôught the hā/chēt might have been ūsēd in some bētter way. But he was proud of his brāvē, truth-telling boy.

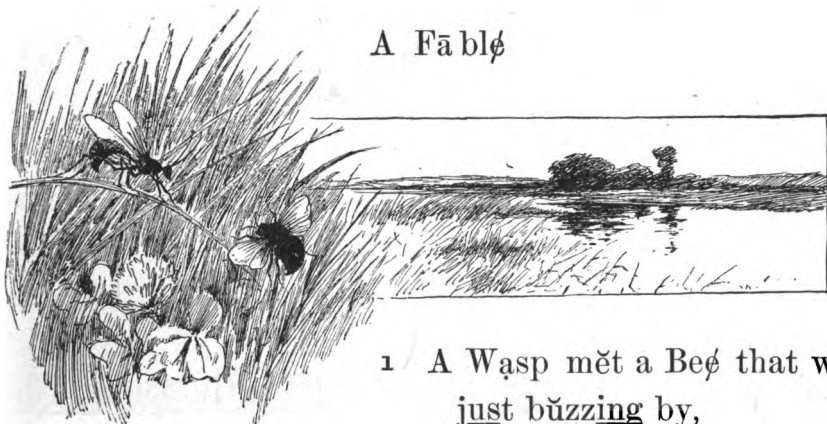
12. "Come to my arms, my sôn!" he criēd. "I would rāthēr losē a thôusānd chērrŷ trēes, than have you tell one liē."

13. Ônly noblē boys grôw to be noblē mēn. Would the boys who rēād this stôry be such men? Then let them, like Washington, fēārlessly stand for the truth.

LESSON XIX

The Wasp and the Bee

A Fable



- 1 A Wasp mēt a Bēe that was
just būzzing by,
And he said, “Little cōūsīn, can you tell me whȳ
You are lōvēd so much bētter by pēōplē than I?”
- 2 “My bāck shīnēs as bright and as yēllōw as gōld,
And my shāpē is mōst ēlēgānt, too, to be hōld;
Yet no bōdȳ likes me for that, I am tōld.”
3. “Äh, friēnd,” said the Bēe, “it is all vērȳ trūē,
And were I but hālſ as much mischief to do,
Then pēōplē would lōvē me no bētter than you.

4. "You have a fīnē shāpē, and a dēlicatē wing;
You are pērfectly handsome, but then there's one
thing
They can never put up with, and that is your sting.
5. "My cōat is quītē homely and plāin, as you see,
Yēt no bōdý ever is āngrý with me,
Be causē I'm a ūseful and in nō cēt Be."



LESSON XX

Unlucky Patsey

measured	diamond
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1. Patsey didn't mean to be naughty. She was ōnly vērý little. She got into mischief througħ know ing nō bēttē.

2. One day she had a bīg sēā shell in her hand. The shell had a pretty, pīnk līnīg. The ēdgē of the shell cūrvēd out wārd.

3. Mammā kēpt the shell for its beāūtý. Its plācē was ōn the mantel pīcē. Patsey had taken it down to hēār it sīng.

4. She held it to her ear and enjoyed the music. Then she tapped on the window pane with it. This made a very different sound from the singing. Patsy liked to hear it.



5. The dog came into the garden and barked at the shell. This was great fun for Patsy as well as for him. She knocked on the window pane harder and harder. The dog barked louder and louder. He jumped at the window, but could not reach it.

6. At last Patsy knocked so hard that she broke the glass. Then she was sorry.

7. "I didn't know it would break," she said. The tears rolled down her cheeks.

8. When papa came home, he said he would mend the window. He took the sash out and laid it on the floor. He took out the pieces of the broken pane and all the old dry putty. He measured the place to which a new pane must be fitted.

9. Then he brought a large piece of glass. He had a tool to cut it with. The tool had a diamond in it.

Diamonds are hărd er than glăss. They will scrătch it dēeply.

10. Papă mărķēd ōff a plēçē of glăss the right sizē and shāpē. He did this with the diamond, making a dēēp scrătch.

11. Then he eārēful ly brōkē out the new pănē of glăss. It brōkē a lōng the scrătchēs. He trīed it in the săsh. It fittēd exăet ly.

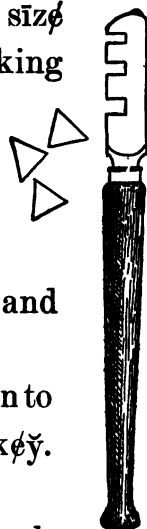
12. Nēxt he făstēnēd it in with sōft pŭttŷ and shărp bīts of mētāl.

13. Just as he finishēd, Pătsēŷ eāmē trōtting in to the rōōm. She had lēft him to get him a eōōkēŷ. She had a nīce frēsh one in her hand.

14. "Here, papă," she crīed. "You work pretty hărd. I have brōught you something to eat. Don't you think I'm nīce?"

15. She trōtted tōwărd papă, hōld ing out the eōōkēŷ. There lăŷ the săsh. Papă did not think she would stēp on it, so he said nōth ing. But Pătsēŷ knew no bētter.

16. On she eāmē till — Crăsh! — her little fōōt wēnt thrōugh a pănē of glăss. It was the vērŷ pănē papă had just put in!



LESSON XXI

The Snow bird's Song

occasion



1. The ground was all covered with snow, one day,
And two little sisters were busy at play;
A snow bird was sitting close by on a tree,
And merrily singing his chick-a-de-de.
2. He had not been singing that tune very long,
When Emily heard him, so loud was his song.
“Oh, sister, look out of the window!” said she,
“Here’s a dear little bird, singing chick-a-de-de.

3. "Poor fellow! he walks in the snow and the slēet,
And has nēither stōck ings nor shōes on his fēet.
I wōnder what makes him so full of his glēe,
And whȳ he kēeps sing ing his chick-a-dē-dēe.
4. "If I were a bāre foōt ed snow bird, I know,
I would not stay out in the eōld and the snow.
I pitȳ him so! oh, how eōld he must be!
And yet he kēeps sing ing his chick-a-dē-dēe.
5. "Oh, mōther, do get him some stōck ings and shōes,
And a nice little frōck, and a hat let him choōse.
I wish he'd come in to the pārlōr, and see
How wārm we would make him, poōr chick-a-
dē-dēe!"
6. The bird had floō n down for some sweet crūmbs
of bread,
And heard ēvērȳ wōrd little Ēmȳ ly said.
"How funnȳ I'd look in that cōstūmē!" thōught he,
And he laughēd as he warblēd his chick-a-dē-dēe.
7. "I am grate ful," said he, "for the wish you
ex prēss,
But I have no occasion for such a finē dress.

I'd rāth er rēmāin with my little limbs frē,
Than to hōb blē a bout sing ing chick-a-dē-dē.

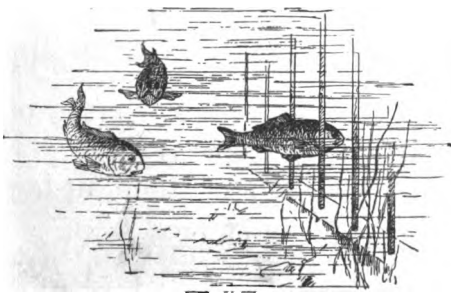
- a. "There is One, my dēar child, thōugh I can not
tell who,
Has clōthēd me alrēādȳ, and wārm ēnōugh, too.
Good mōrn ing! Oh, who are so hāppȳ as we?"
And a way he flēw, sing ing his chick-a-dē-dē.



LESSON XXII

The Threē Gold fish

1. Threē gold fish livēd vērȳ hāppȳly in a pond.
The pond belōngēd to a good man who lovēd the
little fish. Its water flōwēd
througħ an irōn gate in to
the bĭg lākē.



2. The man ōftēn sat
up on the shōrē of the pond
and tākēd to the fish. He
al ways said the sāmē thing.

It was, "Don't go througħ the irōn gate, little fish.
And don't swim nēār the tōp of the water."

3. But the little fish did not understand the man's talk. So he took another way to teach them. He waited on the bank beyond the big gate. When the fish came near, he made a great splashing with a big stick in the lake water outside.

4. Of course, the fish were frightened and swam away. But when he was not there, they often came near the gate and looked through. They wondered what was in the big lake and wanted to go out and see.

5. At other times the man would watch from the shore of the pond. When the fish swam near the surface, he would splash with the stick. This frightened them so that they swam below and stayed there a long time. This pleased the man.

6. But when the man was not there, they would often come to the top. They wanted to see what was going on in the air above them. Some times they would even jump out of the water.

7. One of the three fish did not go so near the top as the others. She did not go so near the gate either. "I am sure our master does not want us to," she said. "And he must have some wise reason for his wish."

8. "Oh, that's all nonsense!" cried the others.
 "We know as well as he where fish should swim."

9. So one of them swam one day through the gate in to the lake. There a big fish swallowed him. He never came back to his friends in the pond.

10. The other fish that said, "Oh nonsense!" came to a bad end, too. He swam to the top one day, just as a fish hawk was flying over the pond. The hawk picked him up in her strong talons and carried him off to her nest. He became food for the little hawks and never saw his native pond again.

The third fish stayed below. Neither hawk nor big fish ever caught her. But she was very lonely without the other two. So they brought sorrow to her as well as death to themselves.

The Golden Rule

To do to others as I would
 That they should do to me,
 Will make me honest, kind, and good,
 As children ought to be.

LESSON XXIII

The Frōg and the Mousē

1. A frōg and a wōd mousē be cāmē fāst frīends. The mousē had al ways livēd on land. The frōg could livē on land or in the water.

2. The frōg oftēn wēnt to vīs it the mousē. Her home wās in a hōlē under the rōōts of an ōak trēē. She al ways grēetēd the frōg vērŷ pōlitely.

3. When he cāmē, she would say, "How do you do, Mr. Frōg?"

I am vērŷ glād to see you." Then she would sēt the tā blē and in vītē him to hēlp him sēlf. When he wēnt a way, she would say, "Good by, dēār Mr. Frōg! I am sōrrŷ you must go so sōōn. Come again be fōrē lōng."

4. One day, the frōg in vītēd her to his home. He said he would shōw her all the bēāūtīful things that are under the water.



5. "But I am not a vĕry good swimmer," said the mouse. "I was mādē to livē on land."

6. "Oh, that doesn't matter," said the frōg. "I'll tīē your fōt to mīnē with this strōng grass. Then I can drāg you through the water quīte easily." So

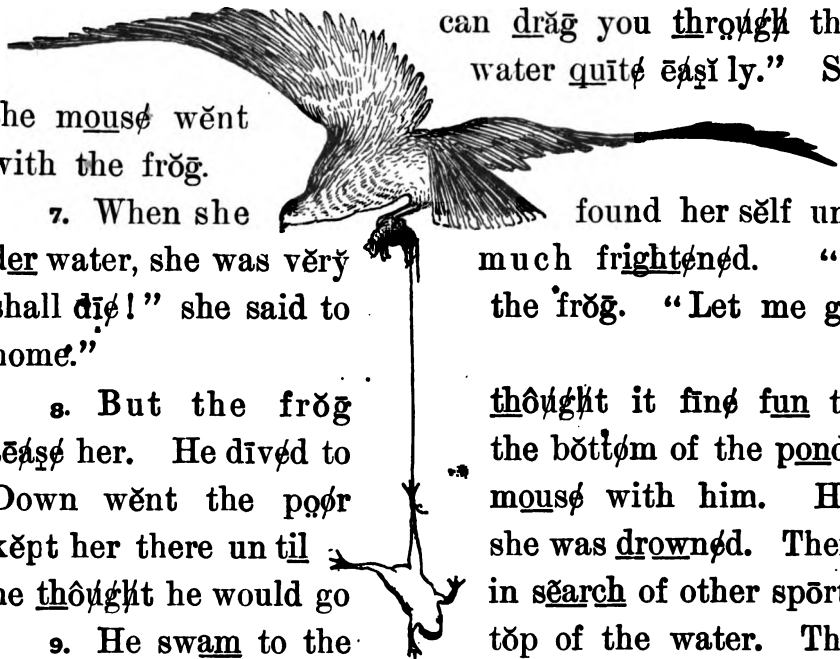
the mouse wēnt with the frōg.

7. When she dīved water, she was vĕry frightenēd. "I shall dīē!" she said to home."

8. But the frōg tēasē her. He dīved to Down wēnt the pōōr kēpt her there un tīl he thōught he would go

9. He swam to the mouse, being lighter than the water, floated on the sūrfacē nĕār him.

10. Down cāmē a fish hawk out of the skȳ a bōvē. The frōg dīved to ēscāpē her. But she caught the mouse in her tālōng.



11. Off she flew to her nest, think ing, “ Here is a nice meal for my little ones.”

12. And it was better than she thought. Fast to the dead mouse was the live frog. He, too, had to go to feed the little hawks.

— Aesop.

LESSON XXIV

The Stār

1. Twinkle, twinkle, little stār;
How I wonder what you are!
Up a bove the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.
2. When the blāz ing sun is gone,
When he noth ing shines up on,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.
3. Then the trāvel er in the dārk
Thānks you for your tiny spārk;
He could not see which way to go
If you did not twinkle so.

4. In the dārk blūe skȳ you kēep,
Yēt ōftēn thrōugh my wīndōw pēep;
For you never shūt your ēyē
Till the sun is in the skȳ.
5. As your bright but tīnȳ spārk
Lights the trāvel er in the dārk,
Thōugh I know not what you are,
Twīnklē, twīnklē, little stār!
- Jānē Taylōr.



LESSON XXV

Who Bē cāmē King?

(Told in Ireland, and al so by some tribes of Indians.)

1. One day, the birds all cāmē tōgēthēr to choosē
a king.



2. The ēaglē was a strōng bird.
He lovēd sweet sounds.

3. "Let the fin est sing er be king,"
he said.

4. But the canāry was frightenēd at this. She knew

that she would be asked to sing. She did not mind singing at home in her cage. Here, among so many, she was too bashful.

5. She was about to hide a way, when the sparrow spoke up. He was a very conceited bird. He said, "Let the best fighter be king." He thought that would be himself.



6. But Cock Robin said, "No, indeed! We don't want a quarrelsome king. We want a king that will keep the peace. Let the wisest bird be king."



7. Now, the owl is the wisest of birds. Every one who knows anything at all, knows that.

8. But the owl was too wise to want to be king. He thought he would rather stay at home. He wanted time to be quiet and think.

9. "Let the one who can fly the highest be king."

10. It was the hen who said this. She can fly scarcely at all, herself. So, of course, she admires the birds of the sky.



11. The owl said, "That was a very sensible remark. We want a king that can rise above us all."

12. So it was a grēed and the rācē be gan.

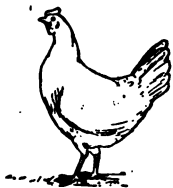


13. Fīrst, all the birds flockēd up on the grōund. Then the dūck said, "Quāck, quāck, quāck!" That mēant, "One, two, thrē!"

14. As the dūck said thrē, up they all flew. Each flew as high as he could.

15. The dūck's "fly" was only a jump. The turkēy could not do much bēttēr. The hēn reachēd the tōp of the fēncē and stayēd there. She said she only trīēd for fun.

16. Soon the eanārȳ cāmē down again. She was ūsēd to a cāgē. She had not lēarnēd to fly vērȳ well.



17. The spārrōw knew all a bout housē tōps. He did not know much a bout the skȳ. When he found him sēlf up so high, he grēw dīzzȳ. He was glād to come down again.



18. The owl stayēd in his ōak trēē. He knew the others would never miss him. He did not wish to be king. Be sīdē, the sun hūrt his ēyēs.

19. The rōb in and the blūe bird kēpt on. Sōon they grew tīrēd too. They rētūrnēd to wāit bē lōw.

20. The lārk and the ēaglē soarēd hīgher and hīgher. At lāst the lārk wēnt out of sīght. But she could stīll be heard sīng sweēt ly.



21. The ēaglē was a much lārger bird. He could be seen, thōugh he was hīgher than the lārk.

22. By and by the lārk's sōng grew lōud er. She was coming down. Prēsently she cāme in sīght again. Sōon she had reached the trees bē lōw.



23. The other birds were wāit ing near.
Only the ēaglē could be seen a bōve.

24. "To-whīt, to-whōō!" cāllēd the ōwl from his tree.
"Where is Jēnnīe Wrēn?" He was the ōn ly bird that could cōunt. That was how he cāme to mīss Jēnnīe. No one knew where she was.

25. Just then, the ēaglē was heard to cāll out. He flāppēd his wings and gāve a lōud cry. The other birds all līstenēd.



26. "I am kīng of the birds!" said he. "I flew the hīghest!"

27. But a trick had been played. It was done before the race began.

28. Jennie Wren had jumped up on the eagle's back. She is a very little bird. The eagle's feathers are quite stiff. He never felt her weight. He did not know she was there. None of the other birds noticed her.



29. She had never been up in the sky before. Do you think she enjoyed her ride?

30. When the eagle stopped going up, what do you think she did? She hopped two feet above him in the sky. So now she cried out, "No, you are not king! I flew the highest! Do you not see me here above you?"

31. "You naughty little cheat!" cried the eagle. "I'll punish you well for that!" Then he slapped her with his great wing. But he brought her safely down again.

32. Ever since that, the wren's tail has stuck straight up. Her flying doesn't amount to much, either. She can go no higher than a lilac bush.

33. Who, do you think, became king of the birds?

LESSON XXVI

Rāy's Pūzzlø

experiment

1. "Oh mammā!" cried Rāy, running in from school one day. "I saw the funniest thing in Mōrgan's class room to-day!"

2. "How did you happen to be in Mōrgan's class room to-day?" asked mammā.

3. "Why, our class was dismissed at two o'clock," said Rāy. "I didn't want to come home. I thought I'd rather see what the big boys did for lessons. So I asked Mōrgan's teacher to let me sit with him.

4. "She said I might, but that I must not talk. So Mōrgan moved up and let me sit on half of his seat. He gave me paper to draw pictures on. But I wanted to listen.

5. "When I couldn't understand what the boys



were rēcītīng, I lookēd about the room. There were some pretty things on the walls and shelves. There were some ōdd things, too. But the ōdd est of all was an egg in a bottle."

6. "An egg in a bottle?" askēd mammā.

7. "Yes, mammā, and the neck of the bottle was no larger than that." Ray made a ring with his fingers to show the size. "How do you think the egg got in there with out break ing the shell, mammā? It was a whole egg — not a fried one."

8. Mammā smiled. "Must an egg be fried to be broken?" she askēd.

9. "No, mammā," an swered Ray. "But how do you think they got that egg in to that bottle?"

10. "I am sure I do not know," said mammā. "Here comes Morgan. Perhaps he could have told you. But you ran off and left him."

11. "It's easy enough," said Morgan, when Ray askēd him. "I can do it my self. All I need is a fresh egg and half a cup ful of vinegar."

12. "What does the vinegar do to the egg?" askēd Ray.

13. "It eats a way the shell and leaves only skin," replied Morgan. "Then you can squeeze it in to a

böttlê like the one you saw. But you have to do it eâre fully, not to bûrst the skin."

14. Rāy wanted to trȳ the experiment. His mother gāve him hālf a eup ful of vinēgār and a frēsh ēgg. He put the ēgg in to the vinēgār and lēft it there.

15. The next day the lōwer pārt of the shēll was eātēn a way. But the tōp had rēmāīnēd drȳ, and was still hārd and brittlê.

16. Rāy rōllēd the ēgg over, and put a wēīght on it. That was to kēep it down. He wanted all of the shēll to be in the vinēgār.

17. Two days lāter, Rāy had a finē pūzzlê to shōw the boys. It was an ēgg in a nārrōw-nēckēd bōttlê. No one could explāīn it but the boys in Mōrgan's clāss.



LESSON XXVII

Thōught ful Clārēnce

1. A pōor old lādȳ stōōd on a strēet cōrner in New Yōrk Citȳ. She wanted to crōss, but was a frāīd to.

2. Many cārriāgēs and wāgons were pāssing bōth ways. Some of the horses were trōtting quītē fāst.

3. But wōrsē than the horses were the ēlēctric cār_s. They frightenēd the old lād_y with thēir noīse a lōnē. The mēn on the cār_s rānġ thēir bēll_s. They rānġ them loudly all the tīmē. This was to let the pēōplē know that they were coming. The pēōplē, hearing the bēll_s, would look and kēēp out of the way. Thūs they ēseāpēd being run over.

4. The ēlēctric cār_s wēnt vēr_y fāst and there al ways seemēd to be one pāssing. Once in a whīlē there was rōōm bē tweēn them to get a crōss. Then a cārriāġē or āūtōmōbīlē would be sure to come bē tweēn.

5. The old lād_y was quītē tīmīd. Ēvēn if the āūtōmōbīlē_s were not vēr_y clōsē, she was a frāīd of them. She could not mōvē vēr_y quīck ly.

6. "Brōād way is no plācē for slōw pēōplē," she said to her sēlf. Jūst then, she saw a new dānġer āpprōāching. It was a crōwd of schōōl boys on thēir way home.

7. "Oh dēār!" ex clāīmēd the old lād_y, "what shall I do now? The horses kēēp to the rōād way, but rōūgh boys knōck āgāīnst one whēvēr she is. Here they come. They will jōstlē me ōff the sīdēwālk. I shall fall un dēr the horses' hōōfs and the āūtōmōbīlē_s."

8. But one boy cāmē tōwārd her a hēād of the others.

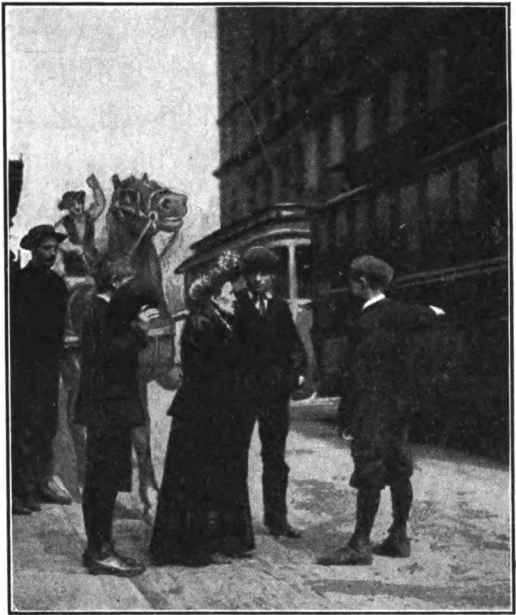
He lookēd at her with a bright, frīendly smīlē. "Are you wāītting to get a crōss?" he āskēd.

9. "Yes, dēār," she rēplīēd. "But there are so many horses, and I can not wālk vērý fāst."

10. "Look out, fēllōws!" crīēd Clārēncē, for that was the boy's nāmē. The other boys were coming up with a thōught less rŭsh. One of them was running bāckwārd. Nōnē of them seemēd to be look ing a hēād vērý cārēful ly.

11. Clārēncē was a frāīd they would do the old lādý some harm. "This is some fēllōw's mothēr," he said. "Be cārēful of her."

12. Not one of the boys would have wanted to see rudēness shōwn to his ōwn mothēr. So they all chēckēd thēir spēēd and some of thēir cāps cāmē off.



13. Then Clărency and a still larger boy took the old lady across the street. One walked on each side of her. They watched their chance to pass between the electric cars. They warned back the drivers of horses with their hands.

14. The other boys followed close behind. It would have been hard for harm to come to an old lady so well guarded. And no harm came to this one. She got over safely at last.



LESSON XXVIII

How to Get Breakfast

1. Said the first little chick,
With a queer little squirm,
“I wish I could find
A fat little worm!”
2. Said the next little chick,
With an odd little shrug,
“I wish I could find
A fat little bug!”

3. Said the third little chick,
With a shrill little squēal,
“I wish I could find
Some nice yēllōw meal!”
4. Said the fōurth little chick,
With a small sigh of griēf,
“I wish I could find
A little grēn lēaf!”
5. “See here!” called the hēn,
From the grēn garden pātch,
“If you want any brēakfast,
Just come here and scrātch!”



LESSON XXIX

Whittingtōn and His Cat

Pārt I

1. Dick Whittingtōn was a pōōr boy. His pārēnts
were bōth dēād. He had not a frīend in the wōld.
But he was strōng and will ing to work.

2. He had heard of a great city called London. He thought he could surely find work there. So he tied all his things in a bundle and started off.

3. He trudged on, day after day. At last he grew very tired, for London was a long way off. Be fore he got there, he had spent his last penny.

4. He sat resting on a pile of stones. A man with a wagon drove by. "Will you ride with me?" said the man. "You look tired. Jump in."

5. So Dick Whittington rode the rest of the way.

6. When he reached the city, he could do nothing but look about him. He walked up and down the streets. He looked in to the shop windows with delight. Being a country boy, he had never seen such sights be fore. He did not know what to do in such a noisy place.

7. After a while it grew dark. He sat down on the steps of a large house. He soon fell fast a sleep. The owner of the house found him there. "Wake up, my boy," said he. "What are you doing here, a sleep on my stoop?"

8. Dick told him how poor he was. The man gave him some work to do in his house. He had to run

errands, to bring coal and wood, to clean the silver, and to help the cook.

9. But his troubles were not over. The cook was a cross woman. She scolded him, no matter how well he did. Some times, she even whipped him.

10. He had to sleep in the garret. The rats and mice ran about there all night. A kind woman, hearing this, gave him a cat. Whittington and his cat soon became fast friends.

11. As time went on, the cook grew more and more cruel to him. At last, he took his cat and bundle and went away. He thought he would leave London.



LESSON XXX

Whittington and His Cat

Part II

1. Just outside the city, Dick sat down to rest. While he waited, the church bells began to ring. They seemed to say, "Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London."

2. Now, the Lôrđ Māyôr is not ex æt ly a king. But he is a vëry grëät man. Dick thôught to be Lôrđ



Māyôr of Lônđon wôuld be a finë thing. So he wënt bäck to his māster's house.

3. As he wālked, he still listened to the bëlles. They still räng out, "Tŭrn again, Whittington, Lôrđ Māyôr of Lônđon!"

4. "I am only a poor boy," thought Whittington. "How can I ever be come Lord Mayor of London?"

5. Dick's master was a merchant. He sent many things to África in great ships. There they were sold and the money was brought home to him.

6. A fine ship was just ready to sail. All the servants were sending things on it for sale. When it came to Dick, he had nothing but his eat. So he sent that. When she was gone, he had a good cry. He felt that he had lost his best friend.

7. Dick was very lonely with out his eat. But at last some good news came. There were many rats and mice in África. They swarmed even in the royal palace. The king could not eat his dinner in peace for them. So he bought the eat for a great deal of money.

8. The money was brought safely to Dick. He was no longer a poor boy. His master took care of his money for him. He bought ships with it to go to África. He bought things to put on the ships for sale.

9. Dick gave up his work now, and went to school. He studied hard and became a very wise man. When he grew up, he married his master's daughter.

10. His ships kept taking goods to África. They

always brought back more money than the goods cost. In time, Dick became a very rich man.

11. And every time the church bells rang they seemed to sing the old song. It was always, "Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London!"

12. At last, what the bells said came true. Dick Whittington became Lord Mayor of London.



LESSON XXXI

The Spider and the Fly

prettiest

1. "Will you walk in to my parlour?" said the Spider to the Fly;

"Tis the prettiest little parlour that ever you did spy.

The way in to my parlour is up a winding stair,
And I have many curious things to show you when you're there."

"Oh, no, no!" said the little Fly; "to ask me is in vain;

For who goes up your wīnd ing stāir can ne'êr come down again."

2. "I'm sure you must be weāry, dēār, with soār ing up so high;

Will you rest up on my so fā?" said the Spīder to the Flȳ.

"There are pretty eūrtāins drawn a round; the sheets are fīne and thin,

And if you like to rest a while, I'll snūgly tūck you in."

"Oh, no, no!" said the little Flȳ; "for I've oftēn heard it said,

They never, never, wāke again who slēep up on your bed."

3. Said the cūnnīng Spīder to the Flȳ: "Dēār frīend, what can I do

To shōw the wārm affēctiōn I have al ways fēlt for you?

I have with in my pantrȳ good stōre of all that's nice; I'm sure you're vȳry wēl come. Will you plēase to take a slice?"

"Oh, no, no!" said the little Fly; "kind sir, that can not be,
I've heard what's in your pantry, and I do not wish to see."

4. "Sweet creature," said the Spider, "you're witty and you're wise;
How handsome are your gay wings! how brilliant are your eyes!
I have a little look ing-glass up on my parlör shelf,
If you'll step in one mōment, dēar, you shall be hold your sēlf."
"I thānk you, gēntle sir," she said, "for what you're pleasēd to say,
And bidding you good-mōrning, now, I'll call another day."
— Jānē Tāylōr.

LESSON XXXII

The Town Mūsicians

Part I

1. A poor old dōnkēy could cārry no more pācks.
He wōnderēd what he shōuld do for a līving. He

thôught he would go to Brēmen and ēarn his bread as a mūsician. He had still a věry finē voicē.

2. On his way he mēt a dog, who was al so old and wōrn out. The dog lookēd věry sōrrōw ful. He said his māster was going to kill him be~~cau~~se he was of no more ūse.



3. "Come with me and be a mūsician," said the dōnkēy. "That is bētter than being killed."



4. The dog thôught so too, so he wēnt with the dōnkēy.

5. They soōn mēt a eat who lookēd sād and fōrlōrn. They askēd her what was the matter.

6. "This eōllār is in my way," said the eat. "The bēlls frightēn a way the rats and mice. I can cātch nōth ing to eat, and I am nēarly stārved."

7. "Let us hear you sing," said the dōnkēy.

8. The eat yowlēd him a tūnē and he was satisfiēd.



9. "Come with us," he said, "and you shall make your fortune. We are going to Bremen to earn our living as musicians."

10. The cat liked the idea and joined the band.

11. On they went till they saw a rooster perched upon a fence. He was crowing about every five seconds.



12. "Why do you make so much noise?" said the donkey."

13. "I have not long to live," replied the rooster. "I want to make all the noise I have time for. The cook is going to put me in to a Christmas pie."

14. "Come with us," said the three musicians. "There are better things than being baked in a pie. We are going to make our fortunes in Bremen as town musicians. You can sing as well as any of us. We will make a place in the band for you."

15. So the rooster jumped down from the fence and went a long, too.

LESSON XXXIII

The Town Musicians

Part II

1. As night cāme on, they found shēlter in a wood. See ing a light, they wēnt tōwārd it. They wanted some thing to eat.

2. The light strēamēd from a rōbber's cāvē. Look ing in, they saw a tā blē sprēad with good things.

3. "There is a good supper for us," said the dōnkēy. "But how shall we managē to get it?" Then they talkēd the matter over, and a grēed up on a plan.

4. The dōnkēy put his fōrēfēet on the windōw sill. The dog stōd on the dōnkēy's bäck and the eat on the dog's. The roōster pērched up on the eat's hēad. Then they all sāng as loud as they could.

5. The dōnkēy brāyēd and the dog bārkēd. The eat yowlēd and shōok her bēlls. The roōster crowēd with all his might. The rōbbers had never heard such a din be fōrē. They were frightēnēd almōst out of thēir wits. They thōught all the pōlicēmēn in town were coming āfter them with guns and drūms. They ran

pěll mēll from the cāvē. They never stōppēd un tīl they cāmē to the other sīdē of the wōōds.

6. The town mūsīcīāns now wēnt in to the cāvē and hēlpēd them sēlvēs to a good supper. Then they prēpārēd to spēnd the nīght there. The dōnkōy lāy at full lēngth in the yārd. The dog eūrlēd him sēlf up be hīnd the dōr. The eat found a cōzy cōrner by the fīr. The rōōst er pērchēd on a beam nēār the rōōf.

7. A bōut mīdnīght, one rōbber cāmē stēālīng bāck. He did not bē lēvē it was pōlīcēmēn, āfter all, that had mādē the nōīse. The fīr was out and all was quīēt. He crēpt in to the cāvē and lookēd a bōut him.

8. He saw the shīnīng ēyēs of the eat. He hēld a mātch tōwārd them, to see if he could līght it. But Pusē flēw at him and scrātchēd his fācē.

9. He tūrnēd to rūn from the cāvē. The dog sprāng from be hīnd the dōr and bīt his lēg. Out sīdē he stūmbled over the dōnkōy, who kīckēd him for his pāīns. Then the rōōst er crīēd, "Cōck-a-dōōdlē-do!"

10. The rōbber rān as fāst as he could to his mātēs. "There is a hōrrīd old wītch in the cāvē," said he. "She flēw at me and trīēd to scrātch my ēyēs out. Then a pōlīcēmān stābbēd me from be hīnd the dōr.

An other, in the yārd, struck me with his club. And on the roof sat a judge who cried, 'Crack his noddle, too!''

11. The robbers never went near the cave again. They remained on the other side of the wood. The musicians made the cave their home. They worked in town during the winter, earning money with their music.

12. In the spring they bought a store of food and went to the cave. There they stayed all summer long.

LESSON XXXIV

The Sleeping Beauty

Part I

women

1. Once up on a time, there was a beautiful baby princess. To keep her birth day, her father, the king, gave a great feast. He in vited nearly every body, but there were not places at the table for all. So, a few had to be left out.

2. There were thir teen wise women in the kingdom. They could all give fairy gifts. Twelve of them were

invited to the feast. The thirteenth came without being invited. She came late, however, and did not stay long.



3. The twelve wise women all blessed the baby. They gave her goodness, beauty, and other fine gifts. Before the twelfth had finished, in stride the one who had not been invited.

4. She said, "When the princess is fifteen years of age, she shall wound her finger with a spindle and fall down dead."

5. Having said this, the angry wise woman stride out again.

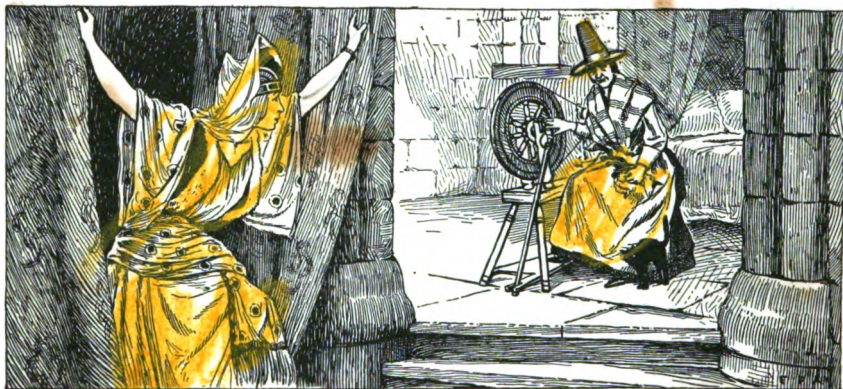
6. The twelfth wise woman tried to think what she could do to save the life of the princess.

7. At last she said, "Death is only a kind of sleep. The princess shall sleep a hundred years. Then a prince shall waken her with a kiss."

8. This was almost as bad for the poor parents.

They could not expect to live until the hundred years should end. But it was all that the twelfth wise woman could think of at the time. The rest had all spoken, and they could say no more.

9. The princess grew up a bonny lass, beloved by every body. As her fifteenth year drew near, the king ordered all spin dles to be destroyed. Thinking there was not one left, he rode out one day with the queen. They left the princess at home alone.



10. "I am fifteen years old," said the princess, when they were gone. "Yet I have never seen all of this great castle. I'll explore it, to keep my self busy."

11. She wandered over the castle until she came to the old est tower of all. This had a winding stair,

which she climbed to the top. There she found an old woman spinning flax.

12. "Let me see your work," she said to the old woman. But the moment she touched the spindle, she pricked her finger with it. Then she fell up on a bed near by, as if dead.

13. The twelfth wise woman had been thinking, thinking, all these fifteen years. She had at last contrived a way by which the princess need not be parted from her parents. She wanted them to be with her when she awoke.

14. When the princess fell a sleep, there for, every one else in the castle fell a sleep, too. The king and queen had come home and ascended their thrones. There they slept as soundly as if they had been in bed.

15. The cook dropped the frying pan and, leaning against the mantel, fell a sleep, too. No living thing about the palace could keep a wake. Even the dogs slept in their kennels and the horses in their stalls and the doves up on the roof.

16. And all around the castle there grew up a hedge of thorns so thick that no one could make his way through it.

LESSON XXXV

The Sleeping Beauty

Part II

1. The years passed on and brave young princes grew up in the neighborhood. All heard of the sleeping Princess and many tried to force their way through the hedge of thorns. But the thorns caught and held them fast and there they died.

2. At last the hundred years came to an end. Then came a prince braver and handsomer than any other.

3. He rode boldly toward the castle. As he came near, the thorny hedge turned to a hedge of flowers. These parted to let him through. Soon he stood beside the bed on which the princess lay, still sleeping. After looking at her a moment, he stooped and kissed her.

4. Instantly all sleeping things about the palace awoke. The cook picked up the frying pan and went on preparing the dinner.

5. The doves cooed and fluttered on the roofs. The dogs barked and ran a bout, wagging their tails. The

horses stampēd in thēir stalls, and the grooms wēnt on cūrrīng them.

6. The king and quēēn and the pēople abōut them ōpenēd thēir ēyēs and wēnt on holding cōūrt.

7. The prīncēss sat up in bed. Seeing a strāngē prīncē standing bē sīdē her, she askēd him how he cāmē there. When she heard how she hād bēēn sāvēd, she was vērŷ glād and grate ful.

8. By this tīmē the thōrnŷ hēdgē had tūrnēd to flowers all a round the eāstlē. See ing this, the neigh-bōring kīngs and quēēns cāmē to say how glād they were.

9. The slēepers lookēd in sūrprīse up on the dressēs of thēir vīsītōrs, for the stylēs had chāngēd. The vīsītōrs thōught the pēople who līvēd in the eāstlē vērŷ old-fāshīōnēd.

10. But this was soōn mādē right. It was not lōng be fōrē the whōlē cōūrt was dressēd in the vērŷ lātest stylē.

11. Then a grēāt wedding fēāst was ōrdēd, and the Slēeping Bēāūtŷ was mārrīēd to the brāvē Prīncē.

